

The Nation

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EDITORIAL

SHADES OF INDIFFERENCE

The Bush Administration is making Washington a tough town for freedom of speech. A case in point is the brushoff given author Salman Rushdie last week, orchestrated by the State Department and the White House. Rushdie materialized in the capital on the occasion of the publication of a paperback edition of *The Satanic Verses* and made a plea for support at a free speech conference. State quickly let it be known he was persona non grata. Spokeswoman Margaret Tutwiler darkly implied that associating with him could trigger Iranian attacks on Americans. From the White House, Marlin Fitzwater trashed Rushdie's motives: "He's doing interviews and book tours and things that authors do. But there's no reason to have any special interest in him."

As John Milton wrote long ago, kill a person and you kill a reasonable creature; kill a book and you kill reason itself. In its treatment of Rushdie, the Administration suggests that neither persons nor ideas are worth saving. Perhaps its insensitivity to free expression stems from its killing of National Endowment for the Arts projects that flout the reigning orthodoxy and from ten years of Reagan/Bush curbs on the free flow of information.

Given this climate, it's no wonder there was little outcry—and that for the wrong reasons—when the F.B.I. objected to new digital telephone communications because they are resistant to wiretapping technology, and proposed legislation requiring phone companies to make fiber-optic systems listener-friendly. Consumers would shoulder the cost. A phone-tap surcharge?

May we expect future bills mandating that political groups routinely fax copies of all correspondence to the F.B.I.? That all new buildings contain built-in listening devices? The Administration's idea of the free flow of information is all one way—to the government.

EXCHANGE
Larry Agran
Andrew Kopkind

**JERRY BROWN'S
13% SOLUTION**
Doug Henwood

**DEMOCRAT
DOLLARS**
Thomas
Ferguson

**THE RIGHT
& THE U.N.**
Ian Williams

TAIWAN'S WAY
Andrew Leonard

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John Leonard

A 'BANANA PEEL' STRATEGY

LABOR'S TIMID CHALLENGE TO THATCHERISM

STUART WEIR

It is all noise on the election front. Britain's television sets have been invaded by troops of strange men, pushing the occasional woman hostage in front of them. Unaccountably, they are all disguised as bank managers, but their frenzied behavior betrays the sobriety of their dark double-breasted suits.

No sofa is safe. Britain's four main TV channels have all surrendered. Every morning these nonstop men scramble from the cover of polystyrene election sets to swarm around the nation's schools, factories and street markets, firing off endless rounds of soundbites and activating planned barrages of photo opportunities. Every night they commandeer television studios where they engage in unarmed combat with interviewers and rivals for power.

But it is as well not to get too carried away by the sound and fury. In 1987, Labor was unanimously pronounced winner of this war of word and image but, strange to tell, lost the actual election. This time the party has high hopes of winning the real war as well as the phony war, though "winning" is strictly a relative term. Thanks to the in-built bias of Britain's perverse electoral system, Margaret Thatcher piled up a 100-seat majority in Parliament in 1987 with just over 40 percent of the popular vote. Labor now needs an 8 percent swing in its favor just to gain a bare majority. The polls suggest that this sort of shift in public opinion is out of Labor's reach. The parties have been running neck-and-neck in the polls all year, and most observers believe that the best outcome Labor can hope for from the

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EXCHANGE.

AGRAN-DIZING

Irvine, Calif.

Andrew Kopkind writes that my presidential campaign in New Hampshire was "bizarre," that it "had no serious political strategy and proved ultimately pointless" ["Temblors in the Granite," March 9]. Kopkind has simply failed to do the kind of job worthy of *The Nation* and its readers. Never once did he bother to interview me or try to find out what the "point" was of my campaign. He had plenty of opportunities; in fact, at one event he turned down an offer by my media representative for an interview, even though I was sitting only fifteen feet away.

Contrary to Kopkind's assertions, I have a totally serious political strategy. I announced my candidacy on August 22, 1991, declaring my intention to bring new national priorities to the American agenda. The theme of my campaign is "The New American Security." I propose immediate steps to reduce the military budget by 50 percent and to return a \$150 billion-per-year peace dividend to the American people. I offer specific proposals—and budgets—to aid our cities, towns and schools; to pay for national health insurance; to reclaim our environment; to fund economic conversion; and to significantly reduce the annual federal deficit. Since last summer, I've campaigned across the nation, appeared on countless TV and radio programs, raised over \$250,000 in campaign contributions, and qualified for the ballot in over thirty-five states and territories. I traveled to New Hampshire two weeks after I declared my candidacy. I opened a New Hampshire campaign office on November 1. I was in New Hampshire from December through Election Day, campaigning for a peace dividend program.

I was there. Where was Andrew Kopkind?

Kopkind missed the big story of the campaign—the systematic exclusion of my campaign by the New Hampshire State Democratic Party and the Democratic National Committee. Chris Spirou, the chair of the state party, tried to solicit thousands of dollars in "donations" from me in exchange for "speaking privileges" at party events. I refused. After that, Spirou cut me out of one party event after another. At the state party convention on November 2, Spirou's people pulled the plug on my microphone. At the health care forum on December 19, moderator Jay Rockefeller tried to have me arrested when I stood in the crowd to demand inclusion in the event. (Incidentally, in this case I won; Rockefeller lost. The *people* demanded my inclusion.) In January, despite outcries from members of Congress, local media and political activists, the state party excluded me from a TV debate on WMUR. The New Hampshire primary was a story of corruption, exclusion and sleaze. Where was Andrew Kopkind?

The Democratic National Committee, led by Chair Ron Brown, systematically blocked

me from attending one party event after another. In November, Ron Brown ordered me dropped from the party's mailing list to candidates. In December, I was denied participation in the party's Association of State Chairs convention. I was also excluded from the Florida State Democratic Party convention. Although it continues to aid the other candidates, the D.N.C. has refused to lift a finger to give me the same privileges extended to them. The D.N.C.'s ol' boy network of discrimination is a big story. Where is Andrew Kopkind?

On those few occasions when I've had the chance to debate other presidential candidates—at the January 22 U.S. Conference of Mayors' forum in Washington, D.C., and at the February 23 South Dakota State Democratic Party forum—I've been variously described as "the winner," "the showstopper" and "the single candidate who truly understands urban needs" by *The Boston Globe*, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*. But where was Andrew Kopkind?

And now the field of Democratic candidates is down to three—Clinton, Brown and me. All three of us will be appearing on ballots across the country, including the April 7 New York primary. The way I figure it, key American voters have a right to know where *all* the candidates stand, but they are being denied that right. Where is Andrew Kopkind? He seems to keep missing the big stories.

Larry Agran

P.S. I'm in the race to stay. Donations are gratefully received:

Agran for President '92

P.O. Box 159

Irvine, CA 92650

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KOPKIND REPLIES

New York City

The last time I saw Larry Agran was in the TV area of a bar in the Sheraton Wayfarer Tara Hotel in Manchester, New Hampshire, on primary night, but all I saw was the back of his head and, actually, it was the only time I ever saw him in person.

I was leaving the bar with my colleague Micah Sifry when Mister "media representative" stopped us for a chat. To be honest, I assumed we'd get to talk to the Candidate, who seemed deeply engrossed with the television coverage and understandably eager to see his totals mount, but the media representative was oddly protective and obviously had his own business to pursue.

What the gentleman wanted was to sell us a "scoop" (his word) to the effect that Agran had prepared a challenge to Paul Tsongas's petitions for inclusion on the ballot in the New York primary. If Tsongas didn't agree to put Larry in the upcoming televised debate of Democratic candidates from South Dakota, the Agran team would execute the challenge and deny Tsongas New York. It's true that I

was unnerved by this prospect of 1) crude political blackmail, and 2) the exploitation of the most undemocratic, crony-friendly state election law in the country by an acknowledged "progressive," and I expressed my discomfiture to the media representative (may I call him "press person" now?). I also said I thought it odd that Agran suggested his exclusion from previous debates was a result of anti-Semitism at the hands of Ron Brown, and that considering the level of suspicion between blacks and Jews, to say so was not cool. Perhaps for such reasons the press person didn't let me near Agran. (I can well imagine he told his boss I "turned down an offer" of an interview, which is what press people always say when they fuck up.)

The next I heard, cult candidate Lenora Fulani executed the challenge against Tsongas and threw her minuscule support to Agran in the coming Democratic primaries. Agran appeared with Tsongas and the other Democrats in the South Dakota debate (I caught it on C-SPAN) and, as I said, I haven't seen him since. That's where I've been, Larry, and thanks for asking.

Now about the substance of Agran's complaint. He says he does too have a "serious political strategy," which as far as I can tell from his letter consists mainly of an announcement speech on August 22, 1991. A declaration of his "intention to bring new national priorities to the American agenda" is not a strategy. A proposal to reduce the military budget is not a strategy, nor are other "specific proposals." Interminable whining about "exclusion" is not a strategy. A promise to campaign "across the nation" is not a strategy, nor is random fundraising, nor is the establishment of a campaign office in Manchester.

An election strategy is a plan, a program to organize a constituency, a scheme to amass support. The goal is to win elections or, failing that, to accumulate enough electoral power to influence an election, to impose an agenda, to remake a party or realign the parties. It's true that progressives have a hard time in elections (if they didn't, they wouldn't be progressive). Some come with strategic advantages. Jesse Jackson started with a large base of black people that he tirelessly organized for political action over many years. Jerry Brown, who is eternally becoming a progressive, began with a long résumé, including elected office and two previous presidential races—and the highest name recognition of any Democratic candidate this year (for many months he led the party in nationwide polling of voters). George McGovern ran as the candidate of the peace movement, an organized, well-funded, highly motivated insurgent force.

Progressive strategies involve linking up with such forces in serious political coalitions. I would have expected Agran, the candidate of the peace dividend, to rely heavily on national coalitions like the Campaign for New Priorities, an organization of more than a

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EDITORIALS.

Fed Up to Here

If Bill Clinton is the candidate who refuses to die, the whole Democratic primary race is the nomination that refuses to be clinched. Three months ago the slender, smooth-talking Arkansas Governor was on the covers of all the news magazines as the presumptive nominee. Now, scandal-scarred, twenty-five pounds heavier (too many Snickers?), his voice raspy with allergy and anxiety, he's been up and down so much he's lost all sense of direction. Jerry Brown snookered him in Connecticut; New York is no piece of cake; and he's down in the California polls. Questions and suspi-

cions are streaming out of Arkansas at an accelerating rate. How many more hits can Robocandidate survive?

Brown's "miracle" in Connecticut suggests a deep insurgency is brewing, but it's too free-floating to give the Californian much hope of winning the nomination. More than half of those voting for Brown said they'd like someone else on the ballot. Twenty percent of the Democrats voted for Tsongas, who was no longer politically alive. It's a wonder Jack Kennedy or Wendell Willkie didn't figure in the totals.

It's clear that many voters in both parties—perhaps a good majority—do not want a nominee yet, at least not one who is currently in the running. The deconstruction of the parties, which Andrew Kopkind reported from New Hampshire [see

"Temblors in the Granite," March 9], has led to widespread alienation as large numbers of voters realize that their interests and, worse, their political identities are being ignored by the leading candidates and the party establishments. The ubiquitous "anger" that reporters have noted in the citizenry from New Hampshire to Michigan to Connecticut is a consequence not only of the economic depression but of the depressing political choices on the ballot. The strikingly low turnout in the primaries, in all but a few states pumped up by media hype, is a classic marker of such political alienation.

In times like these, maverick candidates, protest campaigns and third (or fourth) parties are bound to blossom like daisies in the dung. H. Ross Perot, who is considering an independent run as we go to press, would be in a tradition that goes back many political generations. Billionaire Perot, who combines a certain populist rhetoric with an uncontrolled ego and a nutty ideology, is in many ways a perfect candidate for a year in which all the comfortable categories of politics have been obliterated.

He is also the latest in a long line of anti-establishment candidates, some great and some simply awful, who have appeared when the establishment comes up with two losers. The Socialist Eugene Debs and the Progressive Robert La Follette flourished in the early 1920s, when the Republicans put up such giants as the creepy Harding and the taciturn Coolidge and the Democrats answered the challenge with nonentities named Cox and Davis. In 1948 the Truman-Dewey contest was such a turnoff that Henry Wallace and Strom Thurmond jumped in to represent the radical left and the racist right, respectively. George Wallace (no kin) took advantage of the general despair over the Humphrey-Nixon choice in 1968, and Eugene McCarthy—essentially a "third party" candidate trapped among the Democrats—should have mounted an equally interesting independent effort after he lost the nomination during the Chicago riots. John Anderson made a brave though doomed attempt to gather the disaffected of both parties in the 1980 race between Carter and Reagan.

Third-party candidates don't win presidential elections in the United States; at least they never have. (Teddy Roosevelt, who had given up the Republican nomination and then decided he wanted to be President after all, ran as a "Bull Moose" Progressive in 1912 and came closest, with 27 percent of the popular vote.) There should be some kind of proportional representation to express the diversity of American society. But insurgent campaigns can influence the political direction of the country and realign the parties.

Polls in late March showed that Perot, Jerry Brown and Pat Buchanan each could command about 10 percent of the vote if they ran a third-party campaign, and that was before any such campaign had been organized. If Bush and Clinton do indeed become their parties' nominees, a lot of voters are

going to feel unrepresented, and rightly so. 1992 may yet turn out to be one of those third-party years.

The 13% Solution

Anyone who's studied Jerry Brown's political career has to be impressed with his extraordinary, oh, let's call it flexibility. Back in 1974 he told an aide, J.D. Lorenz, author of *Jerry Brown: The Man on the White Horse*, "You watch. I'm going to move right and left at the same time." He's still doing it.

The left part is easy to see in the antirich, anticorporate rhetoric of his "take back America" campaign. The right part is a little less visible, thanks to Brown's rhetorical skills. For example, from listening to him, you'd think his tax plan was the stuff of revolution instead of a deeply reactionary scheme. Brown would junk the entire federal tax system—personal and corporate income taxes, excise taxes (he's flip-flopped on this) and Social Security taxes—and replace it with two new levies, a flat personal income tax and a value-added tax (VAT), both set at a 13 percent rate. As a result, he says, "those earning less than \$100,000 annually will pay less in taxes [while] those people who make more than \$100,000 will pay proportionally more." Brown calls it his "silver bullet solution for the 1990s."

Most people probably think that the current federal tax system isn't progressive, and if the polls are to be believed, big majorities would like to see higher taxes on the \$100,000-plus set. But there are two problems with the Brown approach: The current system is progressive (though not progressive enough), and Brown's 13 percent solution is quite the opposite.

First, the current system. According to the Congressional Budget Office, the poorest 20 percent (or quintile) of the population pays 8.7 percent of its income in federal taxes of all types. The next poorest quintile pays 15.6 percent; the middle quintile, 19.6 percent; the fourth quintile, 22.3 percent; the richest, 26.6 percent. The richest 1 percent of the population, with average incomes of more than half a million dollars, surrenders 28.8 percent of its income to Washington.

Brown's flat income tax proposal would require all taxpayers to turn over 13 percent of their income after deducting mortgage interest, rent and charitable contributions. Social Security and welfare benefits would not be taxed. His VAT is a little more complex. Although a VAT is often described as a national sales tax, this isn't exactly true; it's actually a tax paid by a business on the difference between the cost of its raw materials and the selling price of its finished goods—that is, the value added by a company and its workers. Brown says that this tax will be paid by corporations and the rich people who own them, but it won't; it will be passed along to consumers, hidden in higher prices.

According to an analysis by the Citizens for Tax Justice (C.T.J.), Brown's 13/13 plan would translate into an effective tax rate of 26.2 percent on the poorest quintile, with the revenue's share sloping steadily downward as you travel up the income scale until you reach the top 1 percent, who'd pay all of 13.5 percent. The culprit here is the VAT. Poor and

NEXT WEEK

'A Talk With Jerry Brown'

Andrew Kopkind and Alexander Cockburn

middle-income people spend almost every dollar they earn (and then some); rich people don't. Consequently, the poorer you are, the heavier your tax.

And that's as proposed. C.T.J. estimates that the Brown plan comes up about \$200 billion short, which would mean either a fatter deficit, deep spending cuts or higher tax rates. They estimate that 16.3/16.3 is more like it. With those more realistic numbers, the poorest quintile would pay almost 33 percent of their income in taxes, and the richest 1 percent would pay about half as much, or 16.9 percent. The middle quintile would see their tax bill rise by almost \$2,000 a year.

At first, Brown flack Tom Pier defended his boss's proposal by saying that the Congressional Budget Office analysis of the present system missed all kinds of hidden taxes. When informed that that wasn't true, Pier recovered by pointing to C.T.J.'s anti-Brown "bias." Said bias, Pier stated, can be proved by the fact that a headline in C.T.J.'s press release called the Brown plan "stupid" and that the group had some links to the Clinton campaign, which he couldn't specify. (The link is that Clinton handler David Wilhelm once worked for the group.) But Pier couldn't dispute the thrust of the C.T.J. analysis, because it's indisputable, and because C.T.J. backs up its case with figures from the Reagan Treasury Department, which studied similar proposals in the early- and mid-1980s and decided not to act on them.

Virtually everyone besides *Wall Street Journal* editorialists would agree that the polarization between the rich and everyone else—not merely the rich and the poor—is one of our nastiest afflictions. Brown's scheme would only make things worse. Is this what he means by his Second American Revolution?

DOUG HENWOOD

Doug Henwood is the editor of Left Business Observer.

Pap Radio

Once again, the Federal Communications Commission has moved to turn the country's radio stations into a homogenized commodity controlled by the largest corporations. The commission has voted to let one corporation own as many as thirty AM and thirty FM stations, up from the present limit of twelve and twelve. (As recently as 1985 the ownership cap was seven AMs and seven FMs.) For the first time in history, the F.C.C. will permit a company to buy additional stations in the same market.

The action is another violation by the present commission of the Communications Law of 1934 and the democratic philosophy behind it, which holds that the public owns the airwaves. An exclusive license to operate on a particular frequency is supposed to be granted to any applicant that demonstrates it will use that frequency "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." And the station operator must prove it is doing so every seven years (formerly three) on the basis of past performance.

The law presupposes that a radio station is a community facility, which should serve the needs of significant groups in that community. That is why every license requires the sta-

tion to have local studios and transmitters. The owner can operate for profit, but never at the expense of the public interest.

From the infancy of commercial radio in the 1920s, business operators, realizing how much money they could make selling advertisements, have nibbled away at implementation of the law. In the past the commission has denied licenses to corporate applicants that have demonstrated hostility toward unions or other community groups, or because the applicant's other business enterprises had violated standards of fairness. Various F.C.C. members have fluctuated in their support for the law. But in recent years, the commission has abandoned any pretense of following it. The Reagan/Bush appointees have generally acted as if broadcasting is a corporate privilege and none of the public's business.

By steadily relaxing limits on ownership and introducing other new provisions, the F.C.C. has done two things. It has fostered broadcasting that is a nationally homogenized mix of programs, indistinguishable from one market to another, and it has made licensing a game largely reserved for big corporations. More and more, local political, ethnic and social groups, women, minorities and unions are out of the picture.

The new rule permits one corporation to own enough stations to dominate up to 25 percent of the market; in the smaller markets one owner may control half the stations, with no limit on how much of the market it dominates. The commission has raised the extent to which an owner of an AM and an FM station in the same market may broadcast the same programs on both, further reducing diversity and opportunity for outsiders.

The rule is even worse than it looks. The F.C.C. permits joint ventures among competitors, a kind of cartel chiefly benefiting the giants. They can arrange to share programs. The new

(Continued on Page 488)



INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLE

*I begged this Tsongas, Get another vowel!
Two consonants together, cheek by jowl,
Just feed the voters more than they can chew.
Another pol campaigning for the Senate—
Mrazek—bombed, confirming this same tenet.
He needed, too, a, e, i, o or u.*

*Divorce is now no sin. We let that pass.
And younger pols admit to smoking grass.
In fact, confession's now a good maneuver.
But those with missing vowels cannot run.
A man named Rsevelt could not have won,
Unless he faced a man named Herbert Hver.*

Calvin Trillin

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

This column heartily endorses Governor Brown's campaign against Bill (Spoiler) Clinton for the Democratic nomination and urges its millions of loyal readers to call 1-800-426-1112. However, this column cannot sit idly by and tolerate Jerry Brown's repeated encomiums for the woman calling herself "Mother" Teresa of Calcutta, a dangerous, sinister person who properly belongs in the caboose of the Pat Buchanan baggage train.

I first encountered M.T. in Calcutta in early 1980. While touring one of the less fashionable quarters of the city, I scheduled a drop-by at the Missionaries of Charity in Bose Road. Instantly put off by the mission's motto ("He that loveth correction loveth knowledge"), I nonetheless went for a walkabout with M.T. herself and had a chance to observe her butch style at firsthand. There was something in the way she accepted the kisses bestowed on her feet, taking them as no more than her due, that wasn't quite adorable, but I held my peace until we got to the orphanage. Although built on a tiny scale in relation to the problem, this was in many ways an exemplary place. A small vacant cot told that one innocent hadn't made it through the night. I was about to mutter some words of praise for the nurses and was even fumbling in my pocket when M.T. announced, "You see, this is how we fight abortion and contraception in Calcutta."

Squeamish as I am on the abortion question, I had seen enough of Bengal to know that the last thing—arguably the very last thing—that it needs is a campaign against population control. M.T.'s avowed motive somewhat cheapened the ostensible work of charity and made it appear rather more like what it actually was: an exercise in propaganda. Propaganda for the Vatican's heinous policy of compelling the faithful to breed, and of denying where it can the right of nonbelievers to get hold of birth control. I have met numerous relief workers in my reporting life, many of them battling in conditions far worse than Bose Road, but they have usually been doing the work for its own sake.

After this experience with the leathery old saint, I kept up an M.T. watch of sorts. I wasn't surprised to see her turn up in Haiti a few years later, as a kind of paid confessor to the Duvalier gang. When Michèle Duvalier started emulating Eva Perón in her enthusiasm for Potemkin clinics, M.T. was on hand to sanctify the vulturelike regime. "I have never seen the poor people being so familiar with their heads of state as they were with her," croaked M.T. approvingly. "It was a beautiful lesson for me. I've learned something from it." She then jetted off to Beirut to bind up Lebanon's wounds as a guest of the Phalangists.

The "beautiful lesson" imbibed in Haiti was soon to be shared with the long-suffering people of Albania. (M.T., whose family name is Bojaxhiu, was born in the Albanian-speaking Yugoslav province of Kosovo and has been since the death of John Belushi the world's most famous Albanian.) In August 1989 she made an official visit to the worst of all Stalinist tyrannies, as the personal guest of Nexhmije Hoxha, official widow of the dictator and a rival in tempestuousness

to Michèle Duvalier herself. M.T., who has long been allied with the more fanatical wing of the "Greater Albania" movement, laid a wreath on Enver Hoxha's tomb and made impassioned speeches about the "brothers and sisters" of Kosovo. She certainly knew what she was doing. Ramiz Alia, Hoxha's successor, had in his younger days been a member of the ultrafascist Albanian Youth of the Lictor. Under the direct patronage of Mussolini and the Vatican, this outfit stood for the twin objectives of Greater Albania and the forcible conversion of the Balkans to Catholicism. M.T., having lent her imprimatur to the most thuggish elements of Albanian irredentism, spent the rest of her visit as the guest of Health Minister Ahmed Kamberi and made a number of affecting remarks about the beauty and spirit of the children in Stalinist orphanages. No doubt the motto about lovers of correction and lovers of knowledge was ready to hand.

Having prostituted herself for the worst of neocolonialism and the worst of Communism, it was an easy and worldly step to the embrace of the worst of capitalism. During the heroic period of the S&L bonanza, M.T. nursed at the ample tit of Charles Keating, of Lincoln Savings and Loan of California. According to Nan Goldin, who made the splendid PBS *Frontline* documentary "Other People's Money," the ghoul of Calcutta received "\$1.4 million and use of a company plane" from the ascetic Keating when he was at the height of his charitable powers. Patricia Johnson, Keating's P.R. flack, recalls that Keating "carried in his pocket a crucifix that Mother Teresa had given him when they first met. And he carried it always." Another bargain for Mr. Keating. I wonder where the money is now.

Brave and honest humanitarian workers are to be found all over the globe, and though I have never met one, there are conceivably some modest and self-sacrificing missionaries also. How has the extraordinary deception of M.T. come to be perpetrated so widely? As far as one can determine, the M.T. myth began after a British poseur named Malcolm Muggeridge found himself on the steps of St. Paul's. A likable old sinner in his way, Muggeridge took to piety and censure in his senescence and could usually induce the BBC to film him standing next to some phony shroud or blubbery wooden statuette. Ready to spend time—but not *too* much time—among the lepers and beggars, Muggeridge got himself to Calcutta and struck pay dirt with a flying visit to Bose Road. And a star was born.

"The Pope is still fornicating with the Emperor," wrote Dante in one of his pithier staves, and with M.T. one sees yet again the alliance between ostentatious religiosity and the needs of crude secular power. This is of course a very old story indeed, but when one surveys the astonishing, abject credulity of the media in the face of the M.T. fraud, it becomes easier to understand how the sway of superstition was exerted in medieval times. Jerry Brown currently suffers from the "perception" that he is somewhat rudderless intellectually. He couldn't make a better move than dropping the hell bat over the side.

ARTICLES.

■ MONEY AND DESTINY IN '92—II

The Democrats Deal for Dollars

Last week Thomas Ferguson noted that as consumer confidence collapsed this past winter many Americans suddenly began hearing sounds eerily reminiscent of Alexis de Tocqueville's famous warning on the eve of the Revolution of 1848 that the earth was "quaking once again." Once the presidential campaign got under way, however, a curtain of silence descended upon the issues so heatedly discussed a few months before, while a vast cross section of the business community, particularly the multinationals, lined up to help finance the Bush campaign. This week, Ferguson continues his analysis of 1992 campaign finances, asking whether the Democrats, in Tocqueville's words, are not "sleeping on a volcano."

THOMAS FERGUSON

The most obvious and important development on the Democratic side of the 1992 presidential campaign is the continued rightward drift of the whole spectrum of debate within the party: In the just-concluded Clinton-Tsongas duel, for example, both candidates deliberately positioned themselves firmly to the right of Michael Dukakis. Also, as many have noticed, the Democratic candidates have addressed their campaign appeals almost exclusively to the middle class, as opposed to the poor, or even working people. Rarely, if ever, do they speak of cities.

One reason for the dramatic change in climate is, of course, the fact that Jesse Jackson was successfully pressured into staying on the sidelines. But this scarcely accounts for the shift in the mainstream itself, which never embraced Jackson's agenda but was quite happy to invoke "fairness" and urban America. Another glib explanation—the sheer fact of the '84 and '88 losses—surely explains little. Dukakis did not blow a seventeen-point lead because he talked about cities—for many weeks he had nothing to say at all. When he moved to the left at the end of the campaign he began recovering in the polls. Even more to the point, a sophisticated discussion of the problems of the poor does not demand the skills of a rocket scientist, even if it is obvious that intelligent candidates also need to speak directly to the middle class.

Here is where an analysis of party finances is truly illuminating. In 1984 and 1988, one of the most obtrusive features of the Democratic Party's often very thin financial base was an outpouring of support from urban real estate interests and developers. (Note that this discussion refers to interests large enough to qualify for the Forbes 400 list of the richest Amer-

icans; smaller fry are of course scattered everywhere among the Federal Election Commission contributor lists.) Centered mostly in the Northeast and Midwest, and a few other areas such as San Francisco and Atlanta, which were heavily dependent on federal spending for infrastructure, "community development" and mass transit, this constituency competed head-on with the military for scarce funds. Accordingly, it strongly supported center-left liberals who emphasized the "fairness" rhetoric and pressed for limits—one can scarcely say major cuts—in military spending. (In my earlier statistical studies, this phenomenon often showed up very dramatically: Candidates who were strongly backed by real estate received disproportionately low rates of funds from aircraft producers, and vice versa.)

In 1992, however, the giant sequoia that supported this traditional core appeal of the party appears to have toppled. Although my 1988 study of early money showed the real estate presence plainly enough, this year Bush's rate of contributions from this sector is actually running ahead of the Democrats'! Although a full analysis requires more data than are now available, it is not difficult to identify what has happened. The combination of the collapse of real estate values, the increasingly hopeless condition of many major cities, and the 1986 Tax Act (which eliminated several important real estate tax breaks), along with the President's recent proposals to reinstate broad tax deductions for real estate losses, has led most of this group to sell out, take their losses and reorient their business plans—in many cases to urban development projects in Europe, which certainly changes their calculations of the costs and benefits of the American military.

This collapse of the real estate constituency within the Democratic Party explains why the truly sophisticated response to Nebraska Senator Bob Kerrey's celebrated retort to Jerry Brown ("Are you saying that I am bought and paid for?") might well be in the end, "No—and so much the worse for your campaign." Of all the candidates, Kerrey's pattern of contributions from the sample of top business figures I analyzed most resembles Mondale's or Dukakis's: knots of urban real estate magnates, investment bankers and financiers (including George Soros and, according to one newspaper account, Paul Volcker), a handful of oilmen, plus some Hollywood money. There just weren't enough of these types, however, to float a mild center-left campaign with a serious thrust on health care. As a consequence, Kerrey quickly began flailing. One day he was a protectionist hockey goalie; on another a free trader (who lets the puck go by?), and so forth. Almost inevitably, his campaign collapsed, leaving behind a large debt.

Senator Harkin's campaign appears to have been another that suffered from the collapse of the realtors' bloc. In the very earliest stages of the race, prominent developers touted his candidacy. Their support, however, never materialized (one initially vocal developer whose contributions I made a special effort to trace turned up as a Clinton contributor, raising the question of whether the true aim of the early talk about Harkin was to weaken Cuomo by bringing another perceived liberal into the race).

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Harkin compounded his difficulty by making two grave mistakes. First, as some critics promptly noted, while the Iowa-based head of one of the largest insurance companies in the United States and other industry figures contributed to his campaign, Harkin dodged the health care issue that Senator Kerrey so bravely raised. Second, the candidate and his staff confused running a campaign with holding a séance. That is, in 1992, it is simply not enough to invoke the shade of Franklin D. Roosevelt (or more precisely, "traditional Democratic values"), or even to assure voters what a study of Harkin's career readily confirms—that the Iowa liberal is indeed "on the side of" average Americans. To reach an increasingly jaundiced electorate requires not indirect discourse, symbols or abstract talk about even more abstract "values" but Brown's or Tsongas's plain-spoken efforts to pound away at a handful of major issues.

Harkin, however, confined himself to an inside game increasingly dependent on the official union movement, which has largely sat on its hands during the recession and is now widely unpopular with many of its most active members. The PAC support that Tsongas initially complained about never amounted to much, with the result that Harkin had almost no money to transmit his all-too-Aesopian message. (It cannot have helped that the first primary outside his home state occurred in one of the most strongly anti-union states in the country.) Around the time he withdrew, 75 percent of Democratic voters were telling pollsters that they didn't know enough about him to have an opinion.

Running out of money, by contrast, was one problem that Bill Clinton never had to face. A leader of the Democratic Leadership Council—the Southern-oriented group whose efforts to shift the party to the right have been enthusiastically supported by Northern businesses—the Arkansas Governor began the race with strong support from businesses in his own state, including Tyson Foods; Murphy Oil; Wal-Mart (where his wife sits on the board and whose owners, the Walton family, are almost all heavy contributors to his campaign); giant Beverly Enterprises, a large private provider of health care; and the investment banking, oil and gas interests associated with the Stephens family.

It may be sheer coincidence that back in 1976 the last named was also close to Jimmy Carter as he began his run for the White House. But the Clinton campaign's striking resemblance to the earlier Carter effort—in which a moderately conservative free trader from the South with some well-disciplined center-left humanitarian impulses runs from the periphery of America supported by internationally oriented investment bankers and their allies on Wall Street, in Washington and in the press—is certainly not accidental.

In 1992, however, most of American business is far more conservative than it was in 1976 (when, it should be recalled, the much more liberal Morris Udall could still attract important business supporters in addition to his labor backing). As a consequence, the Clinton candidacy is centered far more on investment bankers (and to some extent, communications companies and even retailers, whose biggest enterprises now bulk larger in the economy than they did then) than was Car-

ter's. Among prominent investment bankers contributing to the campaign are the Blackstone Group's Roger Altman and Peter Peterson (who has also given to Bush and whose views about the appropriate level of consumption for average Americans are well worth re-analyzing should Clinton win), and many partners at Goldman, Sachs (including Robert Rubin, perhaps the firm's leading figure, who once, only half in jest, compared F.D.R.'s Glass-Steagall Act, which separated investment from commercial banking, to the Magna Carta); Greenwich Capital Markets; and other large houses.

We are about to exchange the U.S. economy for the Mexican political system.

Such interests differ only marginally from the internationalists at the core of the Bush coalition with respect to either foreign or domestic policy. Virtually all now work closely with Japanese firms to help invest the fabled trade surplus. Indeed, some, such as Blackstone and Goldman, have Japanese partners, while others, for example Greenwich Capital Markets, are actually subsidiaries of prominent Japanese enterprises. This practically guarantees what is in any case obvious from a close study of the campaign's policy pronouncements: that, for all its election-year posturing about "change," a Clinton Administration would not depart radically from the Bush team's policies, particularly in regard to the critical questions of international trade and finance. At most, there would be more investment in "human capital" and some small programs targeting investment in civilian technology. A Clinton Administration is also likely to strike a different tone on race relations even as it declines to spend money on cities. It would also nominate different kinds of judges to all levels of the federal bench, and take a slightly softer line than the Bush Administration on the Israeli settlements issue.

What a Clinton Administration almost certainly will not do, however, is put forward a sweeping health insurance reform. If anything is clear from the F.E.C. roster of contributors, it is that the Arkansas Governor's lack of clarity about his plans for medical insurance is strategic. The lists are full of donations from various parts of the medical-industrial complex, whose interest in blocking major reform is all too apparent. Trial lawyers are also abundant, suggesting that a Clinton Administration will not soon be tampering with the fabulously costly laws on liability or otherwise attempting to regulate expensive lawsuits (a cause the Bush Administration is now taking up, both to strike a populist pose and to satisfy its insurance constituency).

Because Jerry Brown has a message, but no interesting money—and remains in the race long after most people thought he would be gone—there remains only one campaign whose political economy still requires comment: that of former Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas, the latest to run out of funds and withdraw.

If one wanted a tag line for this effort, one could do worse than to sum it up as the Route 128 view of American politics. Both the campaign's definition of America's economic problem and the most controversial parts of its proposed solutions (along with much of its early money that wasn't raised from ethnic Greek businesses) originated from around the famous high-technology highway. The principal intellectual sources were two: the work on "strategic trade" theory pioneered at M.I.T.—a university with a very special orientation to industrial manufacturing—and a series of essays written in the mid-1980s that identified the "cost of capital" as a key problem of American industry. These essays were written by George Hatsopoulos, a Greek-American M.I.T. graduate who now runs the highly regarded Thermo Electron and is currently vice chairman of the American Business Conference.

"Strategic trade" theory is essentially a high-tech version of nineteenth-century German economist Friedrich List's "National Economics." It tries to reconcile orthodox economic theory's stress on the merits of free trade with the fact—which around Route 128 is increasingly difficult not to notice—that current trade policies aren't working so well. After performing the customary ritual dance of purity to the international invisible hand, this school concedes that in some carefully defined instances a cautious policy of government intervention may well prove beneficial.

Hatsopoulos's efforts essentially began as an attempt to develop a strategy for hard-pressed American businesses—particularly manufacturers—squeezed by the high interest rates (and high dollar) of the last decade and a half. The argument, which was advanced carefully and subtly, is that manufacturing in the United States could be rescued by lowering the cost of capital to a level more comparable with that of America's leading competitors.

Tsongas has served as a director of a Thermo Electron subsidiary, and as Jerry Brown glancingly noted early in the campaign, Hatsopoulos and many associates contributed to Tsongas's campaign. In addition, the former Senator indicated often enough that he took the capital problem very seriously. His proposals for a capital gains tax cut for long-term

holdings were the primary remedy he proposed, along with a further tilt by government in the direction of business, plus, of course, a sharp reduction in the federal deficit and sweeping education reforms.

But if Tsongas performed a real service by drawing attention to Tocqueville's rumblings, his proposed solutions are another matter entirely. The fundamental problem is simply this: The world economy has changed. After the dramatic recent decline in U.S. interest rates, the fall in the Tokyo stock market and the spike in German interest rates following reunification, there is certainly no warrant for claiming that American companies now face uniquely high capital costs.

The evidence instead—as the recent controversy over corporate compensation illustrates so vividly—is that American management practices are the real root of many (not all) of the economy's long-term problems. Bloated, inflexible and frequently disdainful of the work force (Tocqueville, as we saw last week, chose different words to describe the *ancien régime's* oligarchy, but the underlying thought is much the same), such companies are now regularly being outperformed by foreign-owned companies operating within the United States using American workers—as for example in the auto industry.

This, alas, is not a problem that can be attacked by cutting capital gains taxes yet again or by revising antitrust laws, as Tsongas also suggested. The firms' executives would simply add these and any other subsidies a "pro-business liberal" government granted them to their salaries. Then, while presidential campaigns like Tsongas's languished for lack of funds, they would proceed with business as usual. In the end, if competitive pressures become overwhelming, all save perhaps a plucky minority around Route 128 will avail themselves—though not, of course, their work force—of the easiest alternative to serious restructuring and the strenuous life envisioned for them by a President Tsongas: They will flee south of the border, to Mexico. There, prevailing wage levels are guaranteed to postpone the day of reckoning for years and preserve the fabulous disparity between executive salaries in the United States and most of its competitors.

Tsongas, like the front-runners Bush and Clinton, favored



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

the proposed Mexican-American Free Trade Agreement (itself a component of a prospective North American Common Market). Some real gains will of course accrue to the United States from the agreement, but, given Mexico's proximity to the United States and the temptations the current crisis offers to American management, it should not be treated as just one more trade compact. In all probability, its real implication is that we are about to exchange the U.S. economy for the Mexican political system.

No matter who wins the election, accordingly, Tocqueville's rumblings are likely to continue. At the moment, Jerry Brown appears to be experimenting with a new political formula: a serious presidential candidacy that taps steam from the volcano without burning money. He has had some real success. In Michigan, for example, he appears to have brought together an electoral coalition that Tocqueville would have recognized at once, but that has only rarely been glimpsed since—a mix of unionized blue-collar workers and white-collar postgraduates. On the other hand, he has so far failed to match Jackson's success in registering new voters and increasing turnout. But if Brown, Ralph Nader or someone else can manage to invent a campaign that runs on alternative energy rather than what is literally fossil fuel, the innovation could not be more timely. The next economic downturn after the '92 election is likely to be interesting indeed. □

■ UNITED NATIONS OF AMERICA?

Why the Right Loves the U.N.

IAN WILLIAMS

The right has spent many years attacking the United Nations. Indeed, for years the Heritage Foundation had a special section with no other task than to calumniate the U.N. and all its works. Now, in the Bushian new world order, conservatives see hitherto hidden attractions in the organization. But be assured. "No. The Heritage Foundation hasn't changed its position on the U.N. Absolutely not. There's been a change in the U.N.," says Burton Yale Pines, vice president of the Heritage Foundation and longtime head of its U.N.-baiting U.N. Assessment Project.

"Everything the new Secretary General has done—the appointment of Governor Thornburgh as Under Secretary General, and the composition of the East European delegations—means that the U.N. is no longer a forum for world Bolshevism and anti-Americanism," Pines told me. Dick Thornburgh is a "thoroughly competent supervisor and administrator who will make the organization more responsive to reality." Pines's—and Heritage's—plaudits confirm the worst fears of many at the U.N.: that Thornburgh's role is not just to cut the organization to the smaller size the United

States wants but also to carve it into the *shape* the American right wants.

Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali's ratification of Bush's patronage appointment of the man Pennsylvania disappointed was followed by Boutros-Ghali's appointment of Joseph Verner Reed to an unspecified portfolio. Once described as "a 14-karat nitwit" by Senator Thomas Eagleton, Reed, a former Chase Manhattan vice president, was made Ambassador to Morocco by Reagan in 1981, and now has the job of organizing the U.N.'s fiftieth-anniversary celebrations.

Reed has also joined Burton Pines on the executive committee of the Institute of East-West Dynamics, which in its own way encapsulates the new relationship between the U.N. and Washington. A nonprofit organization set up to promote profit, it offers training in free-market economic principles to the "economies in transition" in Eastern Europe. The institute seems to have secured an initial \$250,000 grant from the United Nations Development Program, having been referred there by the State Department.

U.N.D.P. is the world's biggest multilateral development grant aid agency, and one can see that it may be doing good work from this description in *Barron's* magazine by Christopher Whalen: "The so-called United Nations Development Programme seeks 'development approaches that are ecologically sound, self-sustaining and equitable in their distribution of resources and opportunities,' meaning socialist by design and directed from the top down." Whalen, who works for The Whalen Company, a consulting firm, added, "A large number of senior UN officials are European Socialists, who still believe, despite the overwhelming weight of evidence to the contrary, that centralized economic control is getting a bum rap."

Whalen's blast might seem a bit ungrateful, given that his father, Richard Whalen, the head of The Whalen Company, is on the board of advisers of the Institute of East-West Dynamics. Father and son are listed as "public policy experts" by the Heritage Foundation.

The current sweetheart relationship between Heritage and the U.N. began last October, when a group of conservative Congressmen wrote to John Bolton, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, pointing out what sterling work the Institute of East-West Dynamics was doing: "This private voluntary organization, with which you are familiar, is, in our opinion, at least as worthy a recipient of such funds as any other such U.N.-affiliated organizations." They asked him to grant the institute \$2 million.

Bolton, an Ed Meese disciple who led the campaign to withdraw U.S. membership in UNESCO, had no problem with the request. He approached U.N.D.P. in late November and suggested that it pay the institute the \$2 million. A week later he congratulated U.N.D.P.'s administrator William Draper 3d for making the "initial contribution" of \$250,000 to the institute, adding that "I trust UNDP will make the funds available to the Institute as soon as possible so as not to delay the implementation of this worthwhile endeavor."

Draper is a clubbable conservative, a friend of George Bush and generally well regarded in U.N.D.P. Both he and U.N.D.P. were put in a difficult position by the letter. U.N.D.P. is funded

Ian Williams, a British journalist and author based in New York, worked on Neil Kinnock's election team in 1987.

THE THIRD ANNUAL NATION/I.F. STONE AWARD FOR STUDENT JOURNALISM



ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1992

PURPOSE: The Nation Institute/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* magazine and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of \$500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1992.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1992.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1991, and June 29, 1992. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

ALL ENTRIES SHOULD BE SENT TO:

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by voluntary contributions, and 10 percent of its cash comes from the U.S. government—through Bolton. A U.N.D.P. spokesperson confirmed that the request had been made, but said that the quarter-million “for management training programs in Eastern Europe had not yet been approved. It is going through the regular appraisal process.” That institute director Reed makes no secret of his desire to inherit Draper’s job as head of U.N.D.P. may help lubricate the appraisal machinery.

The key figure in all this is the president of the Institute of East-West Dynamics, Pedro Sanjuan, an American who has just retired as Director of Political Affairs for the U.N. A former director of the conservative American Enterprise Institute’s Hemispheric Center, Sanjuan was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Insular Affairs by Reagan, after which he was given a job at the U.N. during Jeane Kirkpatrick’s memorable time as U.S. ambassador. The connecting theme in Sanjuan’s appointments to the board of the institute seems to be membership in the community of conservative American veterans of undeclared wars in Central America.

Sanjuan had a remarkably low profile at the U.N. for such a senior position. Many senior U.N. staff members assumed that his function was to “shadow” his Soviet nominal superior. One insider says “he spent a lot of time in Washington, allegedly putting out fires with the Heritage Foundation, for [former Secretary General] Pérez de Cuéllar,” adding, however, “it’s funny, he always seemed to have a can of kerosene and a box of matches when he went.” Sanjuan fulfills the almost obligatory qualification of disparaging U.N.D.P., which, he says in a recent article for the International Freedom Foundation journal *laissez-faire*, “seems to be falling prey to the predominance of ideology over pragmatism.” Sanjuan, a charming and plausible person, steered a resolution through the General Assembly of the U.N. last October that endorsed the work of the Institute of East-West Dynamics. He persuaded the Eastern Europeans to propose it, and it passed without a vote. “We thought the institute would get us more money,” an Eastern European diplomat told me.

As the institute’s own policy material suggests, this was a

“first at the U.N.” Normally a different procedure is followed in affiliating nongovernmental organizations. The General Assembly resolution short-circuited that procedure by calling on the Secretary General “to take appropriate measures in order to provide for cooperation between the Institute and the competent United Nations bodies.” The General Assembly resolution claimed that the institute “has developed a comprehensive program of instruction for universities and international organizations to train managers and other professional persons” and “will also run parallel training program for parliamentarians.” A press release heralded it as the “beginning of a new era of cooperation between the UN and market-oriented institutions, including foundations, corporations and other Western organizations.” It pointed out that the institute was “authorized to accept voluntary contributions from UN member states”—so much for the Eastern Europeans’ hopes it would give *them* money.

Although the resolution went through with no opposition, Ron Spiers, an American who was a U.N. Under Secretary General, resigned from the institute’s advisory board in protest at this unprecedented use of the General Assembly to approve such an organization. Members of the U.S. mission were also unhappy about it, but told concerned U.N. staff members that they were operating under instructions from Washington—presumably Bolton. Other U.N. employees did not learn of the resolution until the day before it passed. One senior official said, “The lawyers didn’t like it, but the permanent five agreed to go along with it, so it went through. But a lot of people were angry about it.”

So what was the rush? Well, at the end of February Pedro Sanjuan retired from the U.N.—and for many months the address and phone number for the Institute of East-West Dynamics has been his home in Westchester County, New York. When the organization is up and running he expects to be paid \$85,000 a year for his services.

Sanjuan is at pains to explain that the board of the institute is “bipartisan,” which he seems to use in the peculiar American sense that blesses a group of conservatives who agree on everything but are prepared to accept patronage im-



partially from either Democratic or Republican incumbents. For example, the chairman of the institute is the Democrat Angier Biddle Duke, who was U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador at a time when the United States was not noted for its restraining influence on the death squads. Duke was a member of PRODEMCA, which, *The Washington Post* reported in 1986, funded *contra*-associated groups in Nicaragua and helped pay for ads supporting Reagan's bid to fund military and "nonlethal" aid to the *contras*.

Another executive committee member, Peter Hannaford, has what many might see as a rather idiosyncratic commitment to democracy. His P.R. firm, The Hannaford Company, served as the initial headquarters for Ronald Reagan's presidential ambitions, and it represented the military rulers of Guatemala and Argentina during the years when death-squad killings were at their height. The Hannaford Company gave credit to Argentina's junta for "one of the most remarkable economic recoveries in modern history."

Also on the advisory board is Duncan Sellars, chairman of the International Freedom Foundation and former executive director of the Conservative Caucus. One of the I.F.F.'s less endearing traits is its uncritical support of the white South African government.

Sellars told *The Nation*, "The institute will fill a gap the U.N. has not filled hitherto. It will teach market methods, market economics. It's good to see groups like Pedro's channeling the U.N. in the right direction, especially if it takes funds that would otherwise be used to support traditional U.N.D.P. policies. U.N.D.P. does promote the 'third way,' mixed economies. I don't think Pedro would, and I certainly wouldn't countenance that. The institute will balance that 'third way' approach."

While the institute has many plans, one has to look hard to see any concrete achievements, until recently. On March 8 the institute, with its new badge of respectability, co-sponsored with the Heritage Foundation a conference at the U.N. to advise the new Baltic delegations on how they could best use the U.N. Billed as speakers were Duke, Sanjuan and Burton Yale Pines.

A session on how to use the media was addressed by Amity Shlaes, who wrote an article last October in *The Wall Street Journal* attacking U.N.D.P. because its budget "largely ignores East Europe's economic progress." She ended her speech by quoting Christopher Gacek, who at the time watched the U.N. for the Heritage Foundation but is currently with the American Enterprise Institute: "The danger now is that the U.N. is a rudderless place, and that it will remain rudderless." Gacek is also on the advisory board of the Institute of East-West Dynamics.

The institute exemplifies the conservative network's effect on the U.N., but the main thrust of "reform" in the United Nations is being carried out under the guise of increasing efficiency—a function given expressly to Dick Thornburgh. To promote such "efficiency," bodies like the Center for Trans-National Corporations are being effectively neutralized, and under Thornburgh it is unlikely that other initiatives for conservatives' pet hates, such as debt forgiveness for the Third World, will receive much support.

THE SOCIOBIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION

Mary Maxwell, editor

This book presents reports on the uses of sociobiology and general evolutionary theory by members of diverse disciplines: psychiatry, law, management theory, anthropology, economics, primatology, history, political science, ethical philosophy, cognitive psychology, epistemology, socioecology of religion, studies of conflict, Marxist thought, aesthetics, sociology, linguistics, and psychology.

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The process is a win-win proposition for the American right. They will either gain control of the organization and use it to push their particular view of the world, or they will make U.S. control so obvious they diminish whatever prestige the U.N. and its agencies have, making it ineffective as a platform for the concerns of the rest of the world. Either way, the prospect of a United Nations of America is one that can appeal only to a narrow section of American, let alone world, politics. As the now-retired Ron Spiers says, "You have to have diversity. If the U.N. is seen as too Western, it's going to lose its authority."

Boutros-Ghali, living in hope that Washington will pay its half-billion-dollar debt to the organization, is trapped. If the U.N. is to have a meaningful role in the new world order, it needs U.S. support, certainly until Europe and Japan decide to match their political clout to their economic strength. But what profit is the U.N. if it loses its soul to the American far right, which has consistently opposed everything the organization stands for? □

■ TWILIGHT OF THE DESPOTS

Taiwan Goes Its Own Third Way

ANDREW LEONARD

Chiang Kai-shek's heirs are having a hard time wiping the self-satisfied smirks off their faces these days. In December, in what had been ballyhooed as the most freely contested election in Taiwan's history, the Kuomintang Party (K.M.T.) won 71 percent of the vote. Never mind the massive vote-buying, the K.M.T.'s control over television and the biggest-selling newspapers, and the fact that the opposition Democratic Progressive Party (D.P.P.) won seventy-five seats—more than twice as many as it has won in any previous election. In the post-Tiananmen world, the K.M.T. is a villain no longer. Even *The New York Times* has weighed in with the stamp of approval. Taiwan, writes Nicholas Kristof, is an example of a "dictatorship that grew up," where "despots appear to have turned into democrats."

Few sights are uglier than a despot flaunting a democrat's new clothes, but it would be a delusion to think the present orgy of self-glorification is completely unjustified. The doddering old K.M.T. stalwarts, whose legislative reign dated back to the Republic of China's 1947-48 election on the mainland, finally had their crutches pried loose from the government. The old men were given the heave-ho in December—just the latest step in a steady escalation of political liberalization that has also included the end of overt martial law, restrictions on newspapers and the ban on opposition parties.

It would be just as much of a delusion to suggest that political enlightenment has been handed down gracefully from on high. Pressure from below forced the rulers to react. Undaunt-

ed by massacres, rigid censorship, harsh sentences for "sedition," torture and ceaseless propaganda, opposition forces and a middle class chafing at the ties that bind have given the government no choice but to respond by loosening control. Nowhere is there a better example of the rise of an autonomous "civil society" (the latest fad in sociology circles). Forty-odd years of nonstop, pell-mell economic growth have opened up Pandora's box. Affluence has bred political insolence.

As well it should. As any one of the Taiwanese college students browsing through a Chinese translation of Marx's collected works (available at numerous streetside bookstalls in Taipei) could tell us, legal and political superstructures are built on the "real foundation" of the economic structure of society. Taiwan is now the thirteenth-largest trading nation in the world. Six years ago, G.N.P. per capita was \$5,000 a year. Today it is over \$10,000. Distribution of wealth has been remarkably equitable, although minuscule signs of a widening gap between rich and poor are finally beginning to appear. The roads are jammed with brand-new cars, unemployment is nonexistent (a labor shortage is a consistently nagging problem) and everyone is busy installing illegal (and uncensored) cable TV. Who could have predicted that one of the perks of late capitalism would be international access to MTV?

The Taiwan success story presents a conundrum to those concerned about the problem of Third World development, or, for that matter, the challenge of revitalizing the U.S. economy. On the face of it, traditional dependency theory—the view that underdeveloped nations are locked into a necessarily second-class status as exploited underlings of the industrialized First World—takes it on the chin. Even worse, a politically authoritarian state with an abundant supply of cheap labor and a tradition of human rights violations has seemingly magically metamorphosed into a rich democracy.

Milton Friedman tells us it's all because of a free market and unfettered capitalism. But not to worry—Friedman is wrong. Taiwan, in particular, is no more an example of an untrammelled free-market, laissez-faire state than Soviet-style command economies were examples of "real" socialism. Not only are there a host of special factors explaining Taiwan's economic success, but any remotely honest examination of the record reveals an interventionist state that has had strong ideas about economic policy and has made correct choices in implementing them.

The special factors deserve consideration. It all started with fifty years of Japanese imperial rule (1895-1945). The Japanese, as they did in Manchuria and Korea, established an infrastructure that begged for continued industrial development. Among other things, the Japanese built railroads, founded universities and set up a modern telecommunications system.

Then came the K.M.T., the first ruling party ever to be annihilated in a civil war and still get a second chance to govern. In stark contrast to the mainland, where the K.M.T.'s close ties to big landlords and other vested interests prevented it from carrying out significant change, in Taiwan the alien invaders were able to execute effective land reform, thus laying the groundwork for a boom in agriculture.

Benefiting nicely from U.S. foreign-policy concerns, Taiwan received military protection and massive U.S. aid in the 1950s

Andrew Leonard is a freelance journalist specializing in East Asia.

that helped to provide the initial capital formation necessary for later development, when aid would be cut off for political reasons. Likewise, the voracious appetite of the U.S. economy in the 1960s and early 1970s provided a seemingly endless market for cheap goods from Taiwan's labor-intensive industries.

Cultural strengths, while not decisive, are also not negligible. The Confucian emphasis on education has led to an impressively literate society that has an unusually high proportion of engineers per capita for a developing nation. The willingness of relatives to pool their money and work long hours for little pay in a family enterprise is a major reason Taiwan's economy is driven by a preponderance of energetic small and medium-sized businesses. Go to Taiwan and you'll hear it again and again: "I'd rather be the head of a chicken than the tail of a cow." No one criticizes Taiwanese workers for being lazy.

But special factors are boring. They illuminate, but they do not inspire, and are excuses for success that obscure the nitty-gritty details of practical policy—such as a predilection for state ownership of the means of production. You won't catch anyone calling it that in Taiwan, but the fact is that the government has played a major role in insuring that key industries have been there to provide, cheaply, the basic commodities necessary for industrial development. Steel, petrochemicals, shipbuilding, power and other utilities are all run by government monopolies. Some analysts argue that, dating back to the early 1950s, Taiwan has had the largest public-enterprise sector outside the Communist bloc.

Conservatives in Taiwan deflect attention from public ownership by touting the government's current privatization plan, in which, it is claimed, companies like China Steel and China Petroleum will be more efficiently run by the private sector, but this is mere obfuscation. Not only will the companies be purchased by parties who can be expected to adhere closely to government wishes but the government will also continue to hold a major stake, probably close to 50 percent, giving it de facto control.

Owning and establishing key industries is just part of the picture. Taiwan's government, without using force or paralyzing the nation with suffocating central planning, has been able to insure that Taiwan's entrepreneurs develop their businesses in desired directions. Two examples are instructive: the switch from import substitution to export orientation in the early 1960s, and the targeting of the high-technology sector in the late 1970s and 1980s. Both demonstrate an ability to adapt flexibly to the strictures of the world market.

As the 1950s came to a close, Taiwan's economic planners, many of whom were American-educated technocrats, made an explicit choice to switch from a reliance on import substitution (a policy designed to nurture and protect domestic industries that make products for the domestic market) to export promotion. To a certain extent, their hands were forced. Producing locally made goods for a saturated domestic market offered scant hope for long-term growth in a small, underdeveloped nation. American aid was coming to an end. Overcoming the resistance of conservatives, the planners came up with a four-year strategy in 1960 that included incentives for private business that produced and marketed for export, the provision of cheap credit to exporters and substantial tax

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breaks for certain industries—notably textiles. A few years later, in 1966, the government established the world's first export-processing zone, in the southern port of Kaohsiung (now the third-busiest port in the world).

Cheap labor, mostly from peasants leaving the countryside who were generally unwilling to confront the government over low wages, long hours and harsh conditions, fueled Taiwan's comparative advantage. But as the economy prospered in the 1960s and 1970s, wages also began to climb. Access to cheap labor gradually became a thing of the past. Other, less developed Asian nations started to use their own comparative advantages to compete successfully with Taiwan. Textile and plastics exports would eventually be bound to go the way of import substitution.

In the late 1970s the government established the Industrial Technology and Research Institute to train engineers and develop high-technology products. This was followed in 1980 by the Hsin-chu Science-Based Industrial Park, the result of a conscious effort to create a Silicon Valley-style environment where high-tech companies would feed off one another. A package of incentives that targeted industries such as computers, telecommunications and robotics gave tax breaks for investment in research and development, automation, human resources training and worldwide name-brand marketing.

Stan Shih, the head of ACER, Taiwan's premier computer company and the largest maker of personal-computer clones in the world, says that when ACER was formed as a technology importer and consulting company its main customer was the government. It later became one of the first companies to set up shop in Hsin-chu. Shih says ACER took advantage of every incentive possible, a strategy that assisted in producing yearly growth of more than 100 percent for most of the 1980s. Targeting worked.

Would it work for anyone else? Who knows? A quick answer to the question of what can be learned from Taiwan's success story would be to look at the world market, figure out what it needs—"find one's niche," as sociologist Michael Hsin-huang Hsiao puts it—and target the required industries with incentives and other government assistance.

It might not be that easy. The world market isn't as hungry as it used to be, the U.S. economy is no longer as friendly and competition among nations has become ever more fierce. Other Third World nations face problems of overpopulation, backward educational levels and poverty that dwarf anything Taiwan has had to deal with. Taiwan is a small country with a big government—its obstacles were easier to hurdle.

And some problems remain intractable. Rapid, government-boosted economic growth has led to some decidedly ugly consequences. These include dead rivers, leaking nuclear power plants, one of the worst examples of urban pollution in the world, a worrisome and growing drug problem among the newly affluent youth and a general sense of dislocation and loss of traditional values brought about by so much change.

A country without problems is as hard to find, however, as a U.S. Democratic candidate for President without flaws. That doesn't mean we should stop searching. The point about Taiwan is that despite the extenuating circumstances—the foreign investment, the labor repression, the Confucian ethic—its economic "miracle" was promoted and supported by an in-

telligently conceived and well-executed industrial policy. Such industrial policy is a far cry from letting the free market run wild. Even government officials will refer to Taiwan's economy as a "planned" or "guided" market economy. We should not be so dismayed by the bungling of our own government planners as to become hopelessly disillusioned. Planning can work. Guided economic growth is possible. □

■ SAUDI 'REFORMS'

Too Little and 32 Years Late

DILIP HIRO

Last month's royal decrees mandating constitutional and administrative reform in Saudi Arabia represent the first chinks in the armor of monarchical autocracy and Islamic fundamentalism that have girded the kingdom since its founding sixty years ago. The decrees call for a Consultative Council of commoners nominated by the King, adherence to the rule of law and an enlarged body of princes to select a new monarch.

King Fahd ibn Abdul Aziz linked the reforms to "the momentous events in the recent past"—a thinly disguised reference to the seven-month-long gulf crisis and war of 1990-91. Armed conflicts do accelerate social change, and the Gulf War was no exception. "The war brought into focus so many things," says Khalid Maena, editor of the Jidda-based *Arab News*. "It raised our consciousness and gave us an opportunity for soul searching."

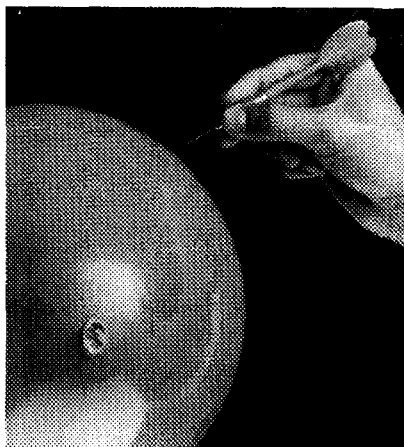
More specifically, the deployment of more than 500,000 non-Muslim troops from the United States, Britain and France in Saudi Arabia, which contains the two most sacred shrines of Islam, caused much resentment among the faithful. There was a subsequent religious backlash among the Saudi masses, an effort to wash away the stains of the infidel forces' presence in their holy land. This took several forms, personal and social. An increasing number of Saudi soldiers grew beards, for example, an overt sign of Islamization. In many military garrisons clandestine leaflets and letters were circulated that criticized the corrupt, un-Islamic behavior of the princes and the widespread corruption among high-ranking officials.

Protest among civilians was less inhibited. Last May, for instance, when a provincial governor, Prince Abdul Ilah ibn Abdul Aziz, a senior member of the ruling family, banned two militant preachers in Buraida from delivering Friday sermons, thousands of people, led by the local ulema (religious-legal scholars) and the religious police, took to the streets. In his letter to the governor, Sheik Abdul Aziz ibn Baz, head of the kingdom's Supreme Religious Council, backed the preachers.

At about the same time, Sheik ibn Baz submitted a petition

Dilip Hiro is the author of The Longest War: The Iran-Iraq Military Conflict (Routledge). His forthcoming book, Desert Shield to Desert Storm: The Second Gulf War, will be published by Routledge in October.

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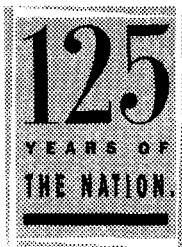
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to King Fahd signed by more than 100 leading Islamic scholars, judges and academics. Among other things, they demanded (a) the setting up of a Consultative Council to "debate and decide on all domestic and foreign affairs, with its members chosen from the most competent candidates without any kind of exception or distinction"; (b) punishment for all those who enriched themselves by illegal means "whoever they are, and whatever they are, without any exception of rank"; and (c) assurances of freedom of expression within the Islamic law, with the government striving to "abolish all institutions that limit the people's freedom."

The royal family is no longer able to co-opt demands for reform in the customary way: by spending money.

King Fahd's response was to order the forming, by September, of a Consultative Council of sixty members with the power to question the government. Any official action that it disputes will be referred to the monarch, the ultimate arbiter. The council will no doubt provide its members a chance to make their views known to the senior princes who run the country. But the 9.5 million Saudi citizens have not been given the right to elect the council's members. King Fahd thus failed to implement the pertinent verses in the Koran: "Consult them [the believers] on affairs" (3:159); and "Their affairs are by consultation among them" (42:38).

Indeed, Fahd's decree falls well short of what was prom-

ised to Saudis thirty-two years ago, in the midst of a power struggle between King Saud ibn Abdul Aziz and his brother Crown Prince Faisal. That pledge included the establishment of a parliament with two-thirds elected membership. However, when King Saud gained the upper hand, he rejected the idea of a draft constitution providing for a partially elected parliament, saying, "The Koran is the oldest and the most efficient of the world's constitutions." He thus continued the tradition of ruling the kingdom without a written constitution.

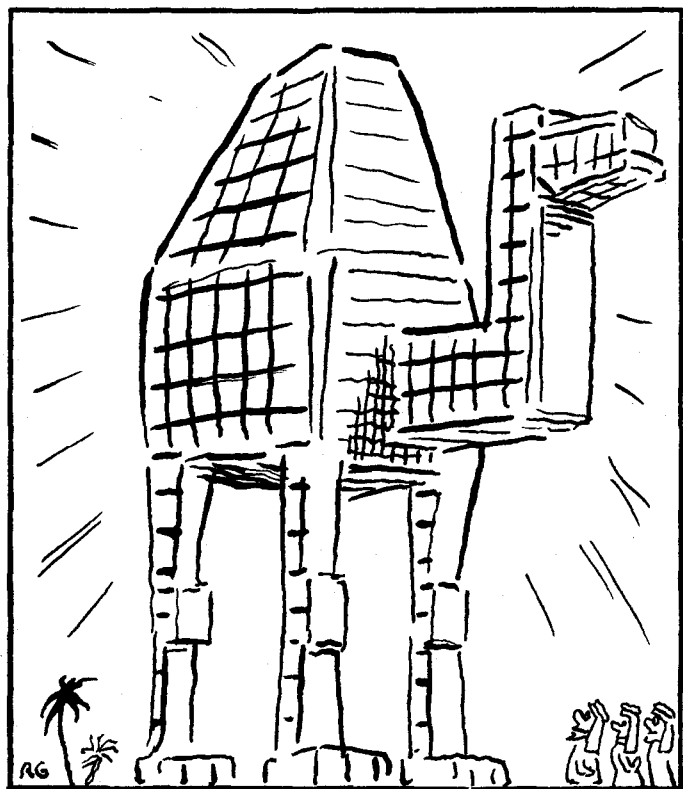
Then an antiroyalist coup in neighboring North Yemen in September 1962 shook Riyadh. Taking advantage of the absence of King Saud, who was undergoing medical treatment in America, Crown Prince Faisal announced a ten-point reform program, which called for a Consultative Council and a constitution to guarantee the citizen's fundamental rights, "including the right to freely express his opinion within the limits of Islamic belief and public policy." But nothing happened even after Faisal became King two years later. Another royal promise of a Consultative Council—which came in the wake of the seizure of the Grand Mosque in Mecca on November 20, 1979, by some 300 armed militant Islamicists protesting the ruling family's autocracy and corruption—went unfulfilled.

But the pressures that built up in the wake of the Gulf War have proved insurmountable, mainly because the royal family is no longer able to co-opt demands for reform in the customary way: by spending money. Astronomical oil revenue, which reached \$110 billion in 1981, allowed the regime to bribe Saudi citizens with social perks as well as to buy off dissenters. But after the steep drop in oil prices in 1985-86, the treasury in Riyadh no longer overflowed with cash. And then came the Gulf War, with direct and indirect costs to Saudi Arabia of \$45 billion, or 57.3 percent of its annual gross domestic product. So depleted were the national coffers that the government had to take the unprecedented step of borrowing funds from foreign banks. Current Saudi cash reserves are below \$15 billion, and the royal family no longer has the option of buying off Saudi citizens in general or the Saudi opposition in particular.

In any case, communal or personal bribes mean less and less to the prosperous, well-educated, well-traveled elite of businessmen, managers and technocrats. The size of this class can be judged by the fact that 2 million Saudis travel abroad annually. A large segment of this group favors democratic freedoms, including an improvement in the status of women. Last spring, some of its leading figures petitioned the monarch to liberalize the state and society.

The reform that the King has granted does *not* include freedom of association, expression or assembly even within the limits of "Islamic belief and public policy." The monarch remains the Commander in Chief and the Prime Minister, with powers to appoint or dismiss ministers at will.

Yet the limited opening that Fahd has provided his subjects will lead to open conflict between the liberal modernists and the traditional fundamentalists. Even among Islamicists, a cleavage is likely to develop between those based in the central Najd region and those in the Hijaz area along the Red Sea.



The Najdis, belonging to the Wahhabi school of Islam, are puritanical and introverted, while the Hijazis, belonging to the Shafii school, desire a more open Islamic society.

The chances are that liberalization, however muted, will give voice to those who have been muzzled for so long, and unleash forces that King Fahd will find hard to restrain. The continuing popularity of anti-regime audiocassettes, which came into existence during the Persian Gulf crisis and war, is a case in point. The panic in the Saudi government has reached a point where it has coupled its offer of a \$500,000 reward to anyone who can assist in finding the author(s) of the latest and best-selling cassette—which is damningly critical of the Saudi royal family—with arrests of scores of its citizens, both laypersons and religious scholars. Whether such actions will stem the tide of discontent that is rising in the Saudi kingdom, which possesses a quarter of the world's known oil reserves, can be guessed by studying the recent history of Algeria, another Arab country with a tradition of authoritarianism and corruption, albeit within a secular system. □

Thatcherism

(Continued From Front Cover)

April 9 general election is to be the largest party in a hung Parliament.

That this should be the case is utterly remarkable. National governments in small countries like Britain don't have the autonomy to steer their economies positively, but they can reasonably be asked to avoid gross navigational blunders. One devastating recession in thirteen years might be regarded as bad luck. Two smacks of downright incompetence, especially when the second is conjured up out of a clear blue sky and even now is being measured in human misery on a scale that Britain hasn't experienced since the 1930s. In the first week of the election campaign it was officially announced that unemployment had risen to 2.7 million, or 9.4 percent of the work force, and it was still rising.

Since 1987, Neil Kinnock has ruthlessly refashioned the Labor Party into an Identikit of public opinion, abandoning unpopular commitments to public ownership and a non-nuclear defense policy, purging it of the crude Marxist Militant Tendency infiltrators, switching to a pro-European Community position and highlighting public concerns about the health service, state schools and manufacturing.

Pundits of all persuasions agree that he has made Labor "electable" again. And yet in the midst of the most damaging recession in living memory and against a government that has lost its way after the downfall of Thatcher, the fact remains that Labor, the principal party of opposition, has failed to persuade the public that it is time for a change. No one doubts that people are disillusioned with the Tories. The trouble is that they don't show much trust or confidence in the only alternative government that is on offer. The big question of British politics is why.

Part of the answer lies in the negative nature of Kinnock's achievement. He hasn't refashioned Labor's policies by inspired advocacy or open debate but through tenacious manipulation of the obscure power relations of the Labor Party-trade union alliance. He has not challenged either Thatcherism or its little brother, Majorism, by offering people a positive alternative. He has adopted instead a "banana peel" political strategy, based on the maxim that oppositions don't win elections, governments lose them.

Labor's manifesto is therefore geared more to not losing the election than to winning it. The party's economic and industrial policies cower under the curse of Thatcherism. There is no commitment to a substantial reduction in unemployment, which is probably wise because Labor's proposals are too modest to bring it about. There are the usual decencies—higher pensions and child benefits, a minimum wage, more nursery education—but they won't reverse Britain's drift into greater poverty under Thatcher. The rich will be taxed more, but not (as a Labor spokesperson pointed out) at a higher rate than under most of the Thatcher years. And, of course, in the first post-cold war election, Labor is now committed to an evidently obsolete nuclear deterrent.

Much of the manifesto that Labor would have liked to publish came instead from the center Liberal Democrats. This manifesto is not untainted by Thatcherism, but it does promise to raise income taxes to finance investment in state education and it sets out a larger public program for economic and industrial recovery and a reduction in unemployment by 600,000.

The Liberals also more clearly identify the issue that a majority of Labor politicians now privately acknowledge lies at the heart of British politics: democratic renewal. This election will put the legitimacy of Britain's antique constitution to the question as never before; Scotland's demand for either



Stuart Weir is senior research fellow at the Human Rights Centre, University of Essex, and former editor of the New Statesman.

devolution or independence alone will see to that. But for differing reasons neither major party wants a full-blown debate on the democratic question.

Britain's constitutional arrangements are indefensible. They were first set down in 1688 as a compromise between the Crown and a mercantile oligarchy and were adapted in the nineteenth century, first to rule a worldwide empire and then, more gradually, to give this imperial regime democratic legitimacy, at home at least. The government of the day in Britain still enjoys near absolute powers of "elective dictatorship" with no real checks and balances; the electoral system gives huge majorities to minority, usually Tory, governments; the second chamber, the House of Lords (a weaker version of the U.S. Senate), has an inherent majority of hereditary (and therefore white male and Tory) peers; and the people's rights and freedoms are not protected by law against the state.

Since 1945, Britain has attempted two settlements between the state, the community and the individual. The first—the Keynesian welfare state—was introduced by statist Labor leaders who found the strong executive powers they had inherited invaluable for pushing through a massive program of change. It collapsed in the 1970s in economic chaos and industrial disorder. In 1979 Thatcher found the powers of big government equally valuable for a Year Zero attempt to raze the structures of the welfare state to the ground and re-invent a mythical entrepreneurial past. Her attempted settlement is now in ruins.

Last month Gordon Brown, a prominent Labor politician, argued that broad democratic renewal had to be at the heart of a third attempt at a settlement. But though Labor has plenty of proposals for constitutional change, it is divided on the two vital reforms that would make a coherent whole of these proposals—proportional representation for elections to Parliament and a Bill of Rights to protect individual liberties. Typically, therefore, its manifesto fudges both.

This is electorally damaging for Labor; a recent MORI opinion poll identified a strong but half-formed constituency for change among the electorate. Labor could make up for the continuing loss of its core constituency—the manual working class—and re-align center-left opinion by giving a lead to this new constituency. Instead, party leaders are seeking to smother the democracy question in this election.

Labor's defensively ambiguous position is all the more damaging because it fails to recognize the centrality of the issues. The party's attempts to protect the 1945 settlement in the 1970s were founded on a semicorporatist trade union base. But that base had no legitimacy; it no longer reflected a true working-class solidarity, nor could it pretend to a wider popular consent.

Labor's policies are already severely constrained by the party's fears about the public response to more radical alternatives. But even these policies will require a popular base if they are to succeed. As former Labor Prime Minister Jim Callaghan discovered in the 1970s, it is not a base that trade union leaders can "deliver"; no more can the huge powers of parliamentary absolutism command it, as Thatcher demonstrated in the 1980s. Labor can win popular consent and cooperation for policies to regenerate Britain only if it commits itself at last to representative and accountable government. □

EDITORIALS.

(Continued From Page 473)

limit on one owner's market saturation probably cannot be policed: Radio audience measurement is notoriously spongy and unstandardized.

The F.C.C.'s excuse this time is the recession. Last year 153 stations suspended operations. That is ironic. It was F.C.C. deregulation in the 1980s—suspension of public service requirements and enlargement of ownership limits—that sent big operators on a binge of borrowing and empire building. Now, like the banks, they demand more of the same bad medicine. Besides, there are 11,086 radio stations in the United States, so a suspension rate of 1 percent—mostly speculators—does not threaten the industry.

Paradoxically, the F.C.C.'s style of deregulation, by favoring the big operators, almost guarantees the disappointment of some of them. Big operators are in broadcasting for big profits; they aim for mass audiences. They use standard formats in the major markets, each format (rap, rock, etc.) being nearly identical in almost every market.

The answer for the F.C.C. ought to be encouragement of the opposite kind of ownership, directed at the unsaturated, much-needed programming that reflects the reality of the mix of groups in every community. These are not the audiences and stations created and defined by radio's big corporate owners. Such real citizen groupings are increasingly ignored by the F.C.C. It is the smaller operators who operate with far lower costs and expect lower profits or, in subscriber-supported stations, no profits at all.

The new rules do not become final until Congress approves them. There is opposition, led in the House by Edward Markey and John Dingell and in the Senate by Ernest Hollings. They will need a lot of public support against the big lobbies.

As Ralph Nader has said, we the people own the airwaves. The F.C.C. is our broker. But the broker is giving away our airwaves and not permitting us to use our own property. It's time to change brokers—or for Congress to hold that broker responsible for violating its stewardship. BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Ben H. Bagdikian is author of The Media Monopoly and other books on the mass media.

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JOHN LEONARD

OUTERBRIDGE REACH. By Robert Stone. Ticknor & Fields. 409 pp. \$21.95.

Call him Ishmael. Robert Stone returns from Melville and the raptures of the Deep to tell us that God and history are both dead, America is sinking fast and manhood itself may be terminally diseased. America and manhood have always been his texts, through which he looks, with a burning eye, for watermarks of larger purpose, coded meanings. Stone might leave the country (for Vietnam, for Central America, even Hollywood or Antarctica), but it's America confounded that he finds wherever he goes. And although there are plenty of women in his novels, they are doped to the gills, or tortured to martyrdom, or hang themselves and drown, while a man stands around construing his failure to heroize. It's as if this erstwhile Merry Prankster book by book were working his way backward, out of Mailer and Hemingway, until, of course, he arrives at Melville's *Isolato*. Like Ahab, Stone hounds God—and discovers His absence. According to Owen Browne, the Pilgrim of *Outerbridge Reach*:

we are enslaved to these strange stories. Hidden voices, bought and paid for, endlessly repeated them. . . . Someone was always being played for a fool. The very process of telling the stories was a game of withholding. Every narrative was reversible and had its outer and its inner side. They were all palimpsests. . . . Again and again these demands for blind trust. Jump, leap and he may or may not be there. And you—spread-eagled over the ocean—may or may not fall and sink when the wind is contrary. When the wind is boisterous and the sea so big and the boat so small. Endless games. Deception without end, infinity to one, all against all. And on the wind, amplified through the stratosphere, stories to give it form. To keep us absolutely fast in the ice and darkness. Stories like false dawns. But ice, darkness, boisterous winds, and false dawns were all true things that had to be lived out.

Owen Browne is someone new to Stone's fiction: Northeast Middle-Class Normal, Dick Tracy Square, Wonderbread WASPy, as if wandering in from a

Cheever or an Updike; monogamous husband, worried father, Navy pilot, sailboat salesman. He seldom drinks, never drugs, and listens to the music of Russ Columbo. "He believes," says his wife, Anne, "in all those things people used to believe in," like the Fourth of July and Vince Lombardi. Why should such a man want to sail around the world alone, in a perilous publicity stunt for the Hylan conglomerate that owns him? Because he thought "the heroic age of the bourgeoisie was over." Contemplating the homeless and the hustlers in Penn Station, the "No Can Do" Polish shipwrights at the boatyard, a stock market in freefall and his rugged face in the promotional videos for the yachts he sells, Owen feels himself to be a stranger in his own country and his own bed, "beside his own woman—a stranger but without a stranger's freedom. On the other side of darkness, he imagined freedom. It was a bright expanse, an effort, a victory." To one of his old Navy buddies, he cries out: "You have no idea how shitty my life has been. . . . How fucking pedestrian and dishonorable."

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Anne, a writer for a yachting magazine, subscribes to these same despondencies. The only time they seem ever really to have been happy was in the Navy, in Vietnam, with "the deliciousness of youth and the feeling of fuck the world, the proud acceptance of honor, duty and risk." And what has become of them now in the big house built by the owner of a clipper ship? She drinks, he mopes and their daughter listens to Megadeath: "The fall [Anne] feared was deep and dark, more frightening than the empty space between her clifftop and the sea. For a moment she was paralyzed with nameless dread." Anne and this Name-

less Dread curl up together with a bottle of wine and a copy of *Middlemarch*.

Characters in Stone are always reading books, like The Martian Chronicles, Nicholas and Alexandra, Calderón, B. Traven, Rubén Darío and Kate Chopin, even Jurgen. This is very nineteenth century. Besides Middlemarch, Anne reads the New Jerusalem Bible, with its Tolkien translation of Genesis, Nien Cheng's Life and Death in Shanghai and, for a second time, Brideshead Revisited, while listening to National Public Radio. On Owen's bedside table, with the naval histories and a National Geographic Atlas, there is a copy of Melville's White-Jacket. When he sails, sailing with him, along with Beethoven, Elgar, Sinatra and Samuel Eliot Morison, will be John Donne, Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway and Look Homeward, Angel.

Enter Strickland, a documentary filmmaker who's read everything, including Neruda, been everywhere, including Vietnam, and knows how "to work the silences, the white noise and dark frames." Strickland is that self-marginalized, bystanding know-it-all who shows up in every Stone novel: Rheinhardt in *A Hall of Mirrors*, the spiteful alcoholic newscaster; Converse in *Dog Soldiers*, the heroin-smuggling tabloid journalist; Holliwell in *A Flag for Sunrise*, the drunken anthropologist "forever inquiring of helpful strangers the nature of their bonds with one another"; or Walker in *Children of Light*, the coke-wasted Hollywood screenwriter. Besides quoting Yeats (and Nietzsche), these know-it-alls can be counted on to do more damage than the freaks with whom they traffic, to whom they condescend. Knowing doesn't save you.

Strickland is between Third World gigs. In Nam, where he went to make an anti-war film, resentful grunts tied him up overnight in a tunnel man-trap, to a stake smeared with human shit. He has just returned from revolutionary Nicaragua with footage of political rallies and religious processions, chopper shadows and flamingos, which he will edit for public television into a film with the obligatory "left-liberal coloration" that also contains "a few home truths for the private delectation of that tiny band of perceptual athletes whom Strickland regarded as his core audience." In Managua, he made fun of "internationalists" in their wire glasses, *bandas rojas* and overalls: "You probably went to progressive camps. Cookouts with

food-from-many-lands . . . folk-dancing . . . interracial sing-alongs." Strickland is his own Third World.

Characters in Stone carry around a surprising amount of left-wing baggage they'd just as soon be rid of. In a New Orleans bar, Rheinhardt screams: "You're a dirty Lovestoneite . . . you killed Sidney Hillman!" And Rainey rides to his martyrdom with a crazy old stormbird, flying a red flag, singing out loud of "Haymarket Square, Gene Debs, Henry George—yeah, and Daniel De Leon, Hilstrom, Big Bill Hayward, Huey!" Marge, in Dog Soldiers, grew up in a family of left-wing Irish vegetarians and "Hudson River Bolsheviks" and went to National Guardian parties "with all the folksingers and the tame spades." Holliwell in A Flag for Sunrise was taught to sing the "Internationale" by a newsstand vendor, and meets with the C.I.A. the day Paul Robeson dies. And Sister Justin, besides reading To the Finland Station, has already done time in a Mississippi jail, with Folkways Records, for having served in the black voting rights campaign. In Children of Light, besides Lu Anne's Long Friends, those "Sorrowful Mysteries" with the dragonfly wings, the ghosts of the Hollywood blacklist also gather in the Mexican night.

Anyway, Strickland is hired by Owen's parent company to film for posterity a circumnavigation of the globe by its resident tycoon, Matthew Hylan, a Ted Turner/Bill Buckley type who is also, alas, a "Captain" Bob Maxwell type; he does a bunk. The P.R. people talk Owen into substituting in the race for glory. Strickland is pleased by the Brownes; they are precisely right for his savaging. Like all the other "pilgrims" and "sleepwalkers" he has filmed, they will impale themselves on his camera. Owen, he says, is "this dorky fucking citizen, for Christ's sake."

Browne agonistes, representative of man the measure. . . . The polite yachtsman, out there for the insulted and injured, the losers and the lost. They could track him in their atlases day by day, the disappointed, the misled, the self-sacrificers, as he bore their wounds away and washed them in salt. They should all feel for Browne, Strickland thought, the soft, wet people of the world. They should all honor and admire him, the Handsome Sailor, their charioteer.

As for Anne . . . well: "Her bright silky hair was braided behind her head. The color of her eyes was nearly Viking blue, but with a Celtic shadow. Her face was strong, willful and austere, wonder-

fully softened by her smile. It was a brazen, faintly androgynous pre-Raphaelite beauty, daunting, almost more than he thought he could handle." But Strickland will try.

Why don't we see novels with heroes like Johnny Appleseed? Quaker oats, not Spanish bull?

And so, as a cure for his despondency, Owen goes to sea alone. And as a cure for hers, Anne goes to bed with the Third World. And as a cure for ours—because Owen and Anne aren't really interesting enough in their privacy to sustain us through the first 200 pages—we tune in on Strickland's malice and cynicism, his Mephisto style. And that's most of what you need to know, except that the Brownes, objects of Stone's conditional sympathy and targets of Strickland's scorn, aren't aristocrats. However WASPy, they don't own this nation; they're indentured to it; they bought a package tour, the Vince Lombardi "narrative," like one of Owen's videos. Owen's father may have thought he was a "tragic exile" instead of a lowly immigrant from England, but he worked as a servant on a country estate on Long Island. Anne's "Newfie" father fought his way up from the docks. (Strickland, naturally, never had a father; he was brought up by his mother, among circus performers, in welfare hotels: the Other America.)

Despite appearances, the Brownes are still on probation, the unfinished children of Outerbridge Reach, that Valley of Ashes down Arthur Kill into a backwater of moldering tugs, gutted ferries, "hulks . . . scattered in a geometry of shadows. The busy sheer and curve of their shapes and the perfect stillness of the water made them appear held fast in some phantom disaster. . . . Thousands of immigrants had died there, in shanties, of cholera, in winter far from home. It had been a place of loneliness, violence and terrible labor. It seemed to Browne that there was something about the channel he recognized but could not call to mind. On the dark shore, the junkyard hound kept barking as though it would go on forever."

We've been to such boneyards before in Stone's novels: a graveyard shift at a soap factory. With Rainey among machetes and sugar cane, when women screamed for Jesus and smoking tar ran from an oil drum on the smoldering rocks of the trash pit, and a figure like a voodoo doll emerged with a rope around its neck. With Hicks, in the L.A. canyons where "shit creeps out of the night under those sundecks, and they know it," or dying in the desert. With Holliwell underwater, when the coral strikes: "As he pedaled up the wall, he was acutely aware of being the only creature on the reef that moved with purpose. The thing out there must be feeling him . . . its dim primal brain registering disorder in his motion and making the calculation. Fear. Prey." With Lu Anne, courting the Louisiana dead: "where the living and the dead are involved in mixed entertainments. And are not tucked away in the ground but dwell among us. Their hair grows and their fingernails and they go on getting smarter in those ovens under their angels."

We are ready now for the last couple of hundred pages of *Outerbridge Reach*, as dazzling as anything in American literature. Once Owen's under way, it almost doesn't matter why he went, but here are a few of his reasons: 1) "a good fight or the right war—something that eased the burden of self and made breath possible." 2) "The way to recoup. A good way. A clean way" (a Heming-way!). 3) "I think most of us spend our lives without ever having to find out what we're made of. . . . In the present day, a man can live his whole life and never test his true resources." 4) "His fear was not of being overcome but of *failing* from the inside out. Discovering the child-weakling as his true nature and having to spend the rest of his life with it." 5) "All good men have physical courage. Without physical courage there is no other kind."

Such Papa Normanizing, Mailerway. Why is it that when men in American novels feel despondent about their manhood, they invariably abandon their wives and children—Pablo, in *A Flag for Sunrise*, even shot his dogs—for some sort of Aboriginal walkabout to kill other men, or fish, to bag a unicorn and waste a hippogriff? Why don't we see any novels with heroes like Walt Whitman or Johnny Appleseed or Charles Kuralt? Instead of Spanish bull, Quaker oats? But in Robert Stone, while Rheinhardt doesn't really, on purpose, deal death to anyone, he more or less co-conspires at a race riot,

not to mention the staving in of Bingamon's skull with an ax handle; Hicks, imagining himself a samurai, piles up quite a body count from Berkeley to Mexico with an M-70 grenade launcher; Holliwell is the only anthropologist I ever heard of who stabs a man to death in an open boat; if Walker had stayed in Hollywood, Lu Anne might still be alive; and Owen goes to sea to kill his father, and harpoon himself, and remember Vietnam.

I'm about to suggest that the father Owen seeks to kill is really the Author of Us All—the Great Signifier. I've gone off the deep end before, reviewing Stone. Ten years ago I got so excited tracking down Gnosticism in *A Flag for Sunrise* that I skimmed on the rest of the novel: the C.I.A., the Comintern, the Mafia, liberation theology, Vietnam as paradigm. I'm doing it again because Stone fessed up to this Gnosticism in a radio interview on WBAI. He has been arguing with God in all his novels ever since he left the Marist brothers at Archbishop Molloy High School in Manhattan and, like Melville, went to sea instead of college. And what Melville discovered, rounding Cape Horn, in the Marquesas, or the Galápagos, among castaways, deserters, "mongrels," "cannibals," tortoises and slaves, is what Stone has discovered in such seething "green places of the world" as Vietnam and Central America: Imperialism. Not God in History but History as God; not "the just rule of the Lord" but "poverty and revenge . . . cooking oil, excrement, incense, death."

Because Stone's God-hounding has so often been confused in the past with the alcoholic deliriums and drug hallucinations of his characters—e.g., Reinhardt's "yellow liquid terror," his "White Light" and his "Whirlies"; Marge on Dilaudid and heroin, hoping to "seal some chaste clammy intimacy . . . while their noses ran and their light bulbs popped out silently in the skull's darkness"; Hicks on speed and Dr. Dope, in his Jungian cave, chemically levitating; Father Egan on rum and reggae seeing Gnosis, and Pablo stoned on Dexedrine seeing "death's-heads, swastikas, the ace of spades" and a drunken Holliwell telling his Latin audience "Mickey Mouse will see you dead"; Walker, on Scotch, vodka and cocaine, seeking "fire, motion, risk," while Lu Anne on Quaaludes is chewed on at her fingertips by infant teeth in the shaven skulls of "blue-baby-colored" dragonfly Long Friends—we

tend, in reviewing him, to scant his obessional interest, his itch for the metaphysical. Yet some sort of Christ is nailed to almost every other page.

In *A Hall of Mirrors*, Reinhardt quotes Dante and finds himself in a graveyard at a latticed gate, from which "a small, iron Christ stared down in a wide-eyed rusty death from the gibbet of a green, oxidized cross"; Rainey hears voices of "the dread procession of God's stricken world"; and Geraldine in a dead-baby dream recalls the Bible verse about "the terrible bright blossoms of the almond tree . . . where the fears were." In *Dog*

Soldiers, under Dieter's bell tower, facades are painted with biblical scenes of the serpent with rattles tempting Eve, and Christ in judgment wearing the feathered headdress of a cacique, and martyrs carrying their heads in their hands; a lamb is crucified. Even in *Children of Light* there's a fire-blackened crucifix, a "seared Christ figure"; Lu Anne looks up to see "that the hanged Christ nailed to the beams had become a cat. It was burned black as the figure had been, its fur turned to ash, its face burned away to show the grinning fanged teeth." And of course *A Flag for Sunrise* can't be read

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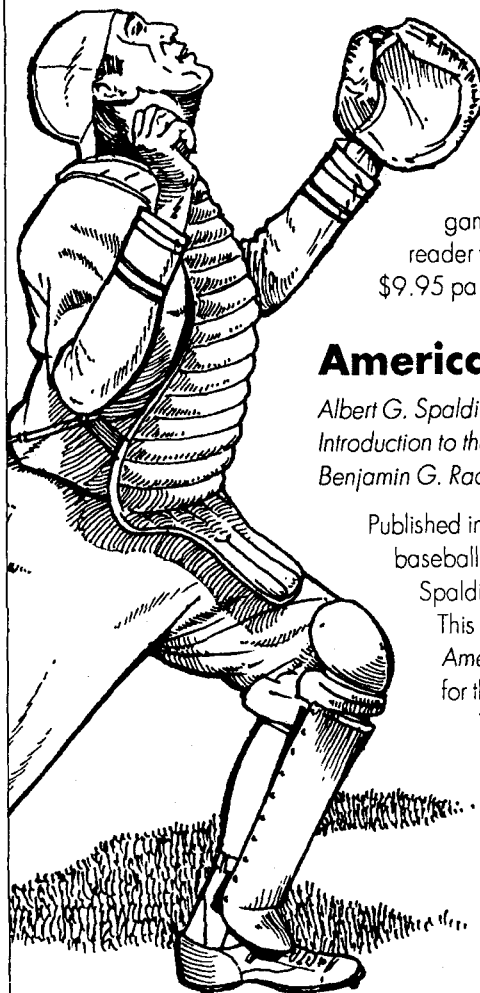
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without this stuff: St. Ursula and her virgins put in an appearance almost immediately. Jesus Christ, in a glass coffin, looking like Che Guevara, reappears throughout. Holliwell himself was Jesuit-trained, and seeks in Tecan "people who believed in things, and acted in the world according to what they believed." Sister Justin may have given up her Savior—"the Holy One, the Hanged Man"—for the Revolution, but he appears to her anyway, when she's tortured. Father Egan, the "Christian humanist witness in a vicious world," traffics instead with heresy. Near a jungle pyramid, in front of Toltec stelae depicting human sacrifice, he speaks of "Errant Sophia, the whore of wisdom, who in her foredoomed passion to comprehend the Holy One, underestimated the depths of the Abyss and became lost"; of each man's sundering from his own true self, a "mismaid" God we must reassemble from buried sparks and particles of light, angelic messengers and a Demiurge.

It's almost as if Stone had scourged himself in his first novels. Evil, maybe; God, no.

Stone has also whistled tunes in the bare ruined choirs of most other world-religions, too. Rainey consults a copy of the Gita: "He opened it and turned to the transfiguration of Krishna, God's self-litany in the war chariot . . . : 'I am the Man-Consumer, spewer of skulls/I am the cunning of Dice Play/I am Time, waster of the Peoples.'" Converse is familiar with the Ramayana and Hicks is a student of Zen, as well as bodhi swasha, T'ai Chi and your basic Kundalini herpetology. Showing up at sunrise in Tecan, besides Toltecs, are also Olmecs, Incas, Mayans and Aztecs, with jade animals, bone carvings, chacmols, hieroglyphs and Rain God Seven.

Shia is mentioned in *Outerbridge Reach*, and Calvin and Luther and the Plymouth Brethren, and the name of Owen's personal boat is Parsifal. But there's no more weight to these mentions than to similar nods at Tolstoy and Ayn Rand, until at last Owen braves the Atlantic. It's almost as if Stone had scourged

himself in his first four novels: *Evil*, maybe; *God*, no. He seems also to be just saying no to drugs. Strickland's use is strictly recreational. Maybe Stone sobered up himself after all the self-destructiveness in *Children of Light*. (One good reason for never going to Hollywood is that then you don't have to write a novel about it.) If movies aren't poetry, then neither is dope, a snuff movie of the mind. Heroin was never an apt metaphor for the disintegration of American culture, anyway. Smack had no more to explain to us about greed and racism than the opium pipe in any way symbolizes Tao or Nirvana; it was another sort of Demiurge. We now see what Hicks saw, at the end of *Dog Soldiers*, in the vibrating mountains:

You know what's out there? Every god-damned race of shit jerking each other off. Mom and Dad and Buddy and Sis, two hundred million rat-hearted cocksuckers in enormous cars. Rabbits and fish. They're mean and stupid and greedy, they'll fuck you for laughs, they want you dead.

Put this together with what Holliwell sees at *Sunrise*: Positive Thinkers dealing death "in the name of God or Humanity or some Larger Notion. . . . How could they convince themselves that in this whirling tidal pool of existence, providence was sending them a message?"

Seeing visions, hearing voices, their eyes awash in their own juice—living on their own and borrowed hallucinations, banners, songs, kiddie art posters, phantom worship. The lines of bayonets, the marching rhythms, incense or torches, chanting, flights of doves—it was hypnosis. And they were the vampires. The world paid in blood for their articulate delusions, but it was all right because for a while they felt better. And presently they could put their consciences on automatic. They were beyond good and evil in five easy steps—it had to be O.K. because it was them after all. It was good old us, Those Who Are, Those Who See, the gang. Inevitably they grew bored with being contradicted. Inevitably they discovered the fundamental act of communication, they discovered murder.

Holliwell had one last thing to tell Sister Justin, whom he loved: "God doesn't work through history. . . . That's a delusion of the Western mind." He had several things to tell himself: "When I decide what happened, I'll decide to live with it." And: "The absence of evil was the greatest horror." Finally: "A man has nothing to fear . . . who understands history." (By which he meant: History is

meaningless.) This is seeing through everything. And with such ferocious eyes, like Strickland's, we now examine the pilgrim of *Outerbridge Reach*.

It's not enough that Owen's never done this sort of thing before. He must be wounded in the foot, like Achilles, before he even leaves harbor. It's not enough that the carpenter dismantled his cabin after a fight about Vietnam. Anne, with her beef jerky, forgot about his solar panels; and his fiberglass cracks into "spider-webbed craze patterns" in the first storm: "Bad workmanship and sharp practice. Phoniness and cunning. . . . Sold our pottage, overheated the poles, poisoned the rain, burned away the horizon with acid. Despised our birthright. Forgot everything, destroyed and laughed away our holy things. What to do for our children's terrible laughter?" Nor is it enough that he seldom eats, can't sleep and is monitored day and night by transponders signaling from his mast, a ship-to-shore telephone and a shortwave radio. He will also on this radio be propagandized by demented missionaries, with their Bible lessons in Cantonese, Korean and Tagalog ("Listeners may remember that when our Lord was pursued by His enemies, Saint Matthew tells us that He went by ship into a desert place apart"); by equally demented particle physicists, babbling on about "absolute future," "absolute past," "absolute elsewhere" and "imaginary time": and by a pun-making, chess-playing, teenaged ham operator who turns out to be blind; and by the ghost of his dead father, quoting the drowned Shelley. None of this is enough, because God gangs up on Owen.

Imagine a plague of insects, "pale yellow and black, with delicate spotted wings folded against the thorax," infesting the wind, covering the cabin windows, crawling up mainsail and mast, smothering the surface of the water "as though the swarm had displaced the ocean." And a great strange cloud that obscures the sun just before the shadow of an enormous shark appears, "its dorsal fin . . . silently shearing an inch or so of the breathing world." And a blue sky suddenly assailed by curving bands of violet and dark green light, an aurora "beyond the compass of the human will," reminding Owen of tracer rounds and parachute flares in the Song Chong Valley, in Vietnam, in 1969. And a towering "mystical" iceberg embellished in shapes "unknown to geometry, beautiful but useless in any sort of measurement . . . a psychological prin-

ciple." And the pilgrim lashed inside his bubble, through whistling gales and slackening shrouds, surfing into vertigo as if the vessel had been scalded, riding green walls into black waves, freezing rain and "ghostly wands of foam," hearing "the stone annihilation, the locust's shriek magnified from the abyss." And this Flying Dutchman, "outside randomness" after the engine fails and the masthead light winks out, seeing in a pale blue shimmer "something inexplicable": "In the center of the glow" toward which a petrel leads him "was what appeared to be an inverted mountain range. Peaks hung upside down like stalactites, their points barely touching the surface of the sea." And when at last he finds this island right-side up, it proves to be treeless, volcanic, with black gulls, screeching skuas, seething penguins and an albatross; with a lagoon in the crater of the volcano, to which, through winds like "music out of stone," he penetrates by Zodiac; from which, on foot, he passes to a black sand lava beach, where, under a black sky beside a smoky sea, he spies "white shapes. . . . Ice, he thought at first. Coming closer, he saw that the white shapes were not ice. What they might be confounded him. At first they seemed meaningless and without form; closer up, they assumed a geometry with which he was somehow vaguely familiar." Among these shapes, penguins wander "like the citizens of a town." These are the bleached bones—"fin bones like skeletal wings, head-high pelvic bones and mandibles of peg teeth the size of fists," "cages of five-foot ribs . . . piled like the tiers of a stylized prison to a height beyond reach"—of thousands of dead whales.

Instead of God: Darwin.

I'm not even going to tell you about the charred porch, the bright silk dress, the Cape Cod rocking chair, the Mozart and the braided human hair. Nor, in a shattered mirror, a face "dark brown and bearded, wild-eyed, like a saddhu's. Or a dervish's . . . the face of a man in the grip of something powerful and unsound." No wonder Owen shuts down his radio and telephone, discards his transponder, lies to his journal, "chopping the cup of sea and sky into imaginary angles." As if he'd listened to too much particle physics, what he sees instead of a sun is misshapen disks, a limitless perspective "extended forever, to infinity, in a universe of infinite singularities. In the ocean, they suggested, there could be no measure and no reason. There could be neither di-

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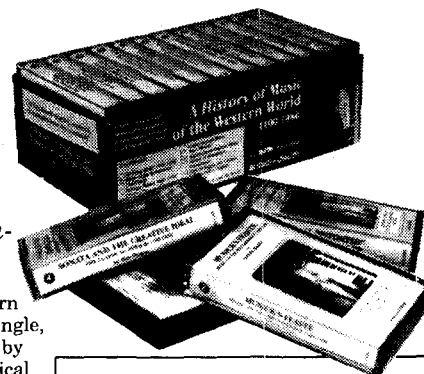
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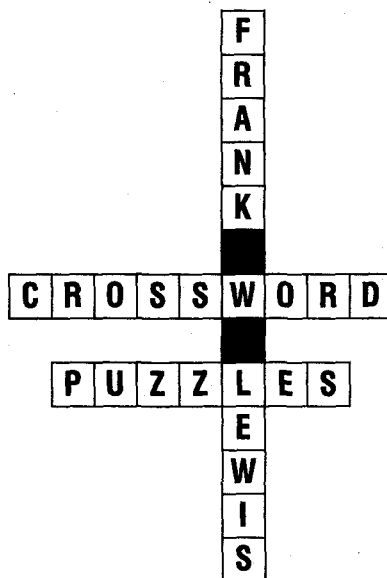
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rection nor horizon. It was an ocean without a morning, without sanity or light."

Yes, the shade of Joseph Conrad also hovers, and I suppose in a sense that Strickland is Owen's Secret Sharer; but so was Fedallah Ahab's Secret Sharer six years before Conrad had even been born. "Annihilation" was one of Melville's favorite words. Owen reads *White-Jacket* prior to setting sail.

Of course, this is a passage into Melville. The original "Handsome Sailor" was Billy Budd, and Owen's also mad Pip off the Pequod. As in *Moby-Dick*, Prometheus haunts this novel, too. (The medallion Strickland wears around his neck depicts a man tied to a stake with a vulture eating his eye; Strickland says it is the Mayan god of discomfort, from the Grijalva. Maybe so, but then the Mayans must have met Prometheus; besides, like Owen, Strickland is remembering Vietnam.) Not only will we meet so many whales, all of them dead, but we will also encounter, with Owen, Melville's own motto: BE TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF YOUR YOUTH. And when Owen at the bottom of the globe, on bone hooks, swings free "in the ancient deasil motion," whirling clockwise and "congruent" with the sun and stars, "at varying angles to the blue horizon," singing his way into "the interstices" and the "algorithmic Sun Dance," feeling himself attached to "the central pole, the axis of the world," any reader should be reminded of the fate of Ishmael:

Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve.

But if *Outerbridge Reach* is a passage into Melville, along the standardized lines of any epic quest—Vedic or Homeric, the Nibelungenlied or the Lay of Igor, an Edda or a Doon—it also has the language and shape of another ancient narrative line. It feels like all great mystic journeys, from St. John of the Cross to William Blake to the flight of the Sufi lapwing. (Note Owen's dervish. Doris Lessing isn't the only novelist to have noticed parallels between Rumi's Persian poetry and modern molecular physics.) As always, Stone's realism picks up speed as it whirls, like a cyclotron, until matter itself explodes into something surtextual. The pilgrim, of course, is the soul. The storms, of course, are symbolic. This is the ultimate migration. In any mystic voyage toward harmony, equilibrium,

grace, Union, Marriage, a "geography of the invisible" or the annihilation of the self, there are ravens and hounds, voices and visions, a Dark Night and a River of Light. Fasting and insomnia are recommended. The sea talked to St. Catherine of Siena, too. It's amazing how everybody on these journeys—Heraclitus and Siddhartha, Jakob Böhme and William James, Gnostics and Kabalists and Indian ecstasies—agrees, corresponds, with their synonymous detachments and amazements, their ecstasies and trance, their awe and apparitions, their self-abandonment and "saving madness," their eyes and roses and magnets and fish. Logos! Godhead!

It's easiest to understand Owen as symptomatic of a corrupt American ruling class. After all, in this race, he cheats. Yachts and Vietnam: among boat people, first class and steerage! But such a comprehension fails to explain why we like him more, even so, than Strickland,

the adulterer and voyeur. Having cheated, he then behaves every bit as much like a samurai as Hicks, except this time Stone is talking about despair instead of honor. Owen is empty when he goes to sea, and there he finds emptiness. To the abyss, he brings his built-in precipice. The pilgrim self-destructs, devolves. And there's nothing left in this or any other world in which to believe. I'm reminded one last time of Melville:

Though nominally included in the census of Christendom, he was still an alien to it. He lived in the world, as the last of the Grisly Bears lived in settled Missouri. And as when Spring and Summer had departed, that wild Logan of the woods, burying himself in the hollow of a tree, lived out the winter there, sucking his own paws, so, in his inclement, howling old age, Ahab's soul, shut up in the caved trunk of his body, there fed upon the sullen paws of its gloom! □

Pater But No Familias

CAROLYN COOKE

THE LOST FATHER. By Mona Simpson. Knopf. 506 pp. \$22.

My mother never lost her faith in men, but after years, it became more general. She believed a man would come and be my father, some man. It didn't have to be our original one, the one we'd prayed to first as one and only. Any man with certain assets would do.

In this we disagreed, but quietly. I was becoming a fanatic.

What does a girl miss, growing up without a father? Is it maleness in general, the obverse of Mother, a bright yang to her shadowy yin? Or is it the father in particular, the "one and only," destiny made manifest by the arch of his feet and the set of his chin? The father quest is archetypal, old as the oldest stories. (Robert Bly take note.) Homer has Telemachus sail to Pylos not to find Odysseus but to look for him. The quest triggers a dormant gene and transforms Telemachus from a mama's boy into his father's son. (Is it different for a girl? Is a girl her mother?) Mythic (absent) fathers don't raise children; in the eternal conflict between loyalty to home and the world, the best and the worst of men al-

ways seem to choose the world. Agamemnon dupes his wife and kills his daughter just for a clear day of sailing for Troy. Mohammed—"John"—Atassi, the Lost Father of this novel, may be among the best men or the worst—a compulsive gambler, a womanizer, a prince, maybe the John F. Kennedy of Egypt. He abandons his wife, daughter and a professorship at a Midwestern university. He disappears, into America probably, leaving no forwarding address or phone.

The Lost Father is Mona Simpson's second novel. It is a sequel to her first, *Anywhere But Here*, in which a young protagonist named Mayan Atassi Stevenson chronicles her peregrinations across America with her preternaturally loyal mother—a Penelope with wanderlust—who weaves plans instead of shrouds, first plans of finding and winning back the lost father, and later of winning anyone at all "with certain assets." Her suitors, who include an ice-skating pro and a "goofy" orthodontist, appall Mayan and her mother with their ordinariness. Searching and waiting for "real life" have purified them and gotten them hooked on abstract men—mysterious, mythic, transcendental. As Mayan puts it, "All you have to do to be somebody's God is disappear."

What this novel does best is capture the stale hurt of the fatherless, the impulse toward self-perfection and self-denial

that connects love to disappearance and romanticizes desire:

If I were a bride preparing myself for something sacred, I decided I'd start a long time in advance and give everything up. That would take a long time. . . . I would make my days simple, eating little, drinking only water, keeping order among what I had, my few clothes clean and folded. I would own less and less. I would go to sleep every night early. I would give away more and more, write one letter each night before bed. Then I would begin to be ready. . . . But sex in my life had never happened that way. That was a picture in a locket, an ancestor. I unlocked the door, shaking it, into the messy apartment, hoping the toilet's flushed, wishing I'd locked things into closets, and I turn the light out while we undress because I'm wearing the bad underwear, the pink ones from the wash. It's late, we smell the sharp gasping urgency of drinkers, the sheets feel gritty but warm, his skin is there, we begin and even unholy it is eternal, outside of time.

In *The Lost Father* Mayan still holds out for the real thing, for Dad. She clings to a few memories, to her mother's mythology of her father, but her name and her Egyptian birthright (what right?) have eroded, through neglect. People keep thinking she is named for the ruins and call her simply "Ann." She loses the Atassi name when her mother finally remarries. Now in her late 20s, Mayan lives in New York City and halfheartedly overachieves at Columbia Medical School. She survives, hungrily, emptily, on a hospital job and chronic withdrawals from a \$9,000 bank account—a legacy from her grandmother in Wisconsin. ("Can he ever dance—this was high conversation in Racine. My grandmother copied phrases she'd heard and repeated them. She applied herself diligently to learning the forms so she could put as little of herself into the world as possible.") She spends her spare time browsing in telephone books, looking for her father's name, looking for any Atassi, making telephone calls, assaulting strangers with her need. Like Telemachus, she takes over the search after her mother has given up and withdrawn into an impenetrable world—in Adele Stevenson's case, this is Beverly Hills and malignant vacuity. Early on, Mayan hires a detective to help with her search, and this break from her mother hurls her over the edge of curiosity into the abyss of fanaticism. It also frames the story's structure. The novel ends when Mayan finds her father or blows her

whole \$9,000—whichever comes first.

Simpson can wring truth and beauty out of a bag of doughnuts. For all its 506 pages of questing, her prose is vivid and precise as good poetry—more lyrical, more language-fired than Sue Miller's or Anne Tyler's, more ambitious than Amy Hempel's or Susan Minot's. Although *The Lost Father* lacks the powerful mother from *Anywhere But Here*, the gutsy conspiratorial quality of two women travelers with nothing to lose, Mayan's monologue has a power of its own, a hard, insistent edge—character. Even to those readers who haven't followed the rough road to California in the desperate mother-daughter romance of the first novel, it's clear that Mayan is as much a survivor of her childhood as she is a product of it. Desperate not to become her mother—a shrilly glamorous woman who responds to abandonment by trying harder next time and puts the faith some reserve for God into good suits and manicures—Mayan seeks, in this second novel, an alternative. She goes as far as Egypt.

The center of this big book, in which Mayan returns to her hometown of Racine, slogs. To contrast with Mayan's emotional and spiritual poverty, Simpson focuses lengthily on the affluence of the Briggses—a surrogate family for Mayan, rich daughter-worshippers reminiscent of Sue Miller's Midwestern Abbotts—and on her snobbery toward their world of self-indulgence, pretentious statuary and unconditional love. She protests for fifty pages—too long. The opulent tarts and cakes Mayan devours *chez Briggs* weigh heavily on these pages. It's all too clear that the Briggses feed some inner Mayan starved for sweetness. Mayan's anorexia, her inability to feed her body the food it needs, haunts the novel. Throughout, she keeps her body as insubstantial as possible, withholds food from herself as her father withheld love by his absence. Then she gorges on sweet nothings: raspberry tarts, doughnuts, ring cakes, boys. Too, as Mayan pursues her father quest alone in a car without a radio, her thoughts seem arbitrary, and her journey seems less than it is: "In college, I went for pilot types, strong and quiet, with sharp features so, my head on their chests, I heard heartbeats like underwater through leather jackets, and then owlish frail boys, who seemed they should always be lifting bell jars to examine specimens." Such retrospection clutters rather than illuminates. At times too, Simpson strains for a verb, as in "The room amazed, with light." Otherwise, the novel is taut, intense with

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revelation. The final scenes, in which Mayan searches for the proof she needs of her father's recognition, are bizarre and mournful and rich, and expose her yawning hunger, gnawing, violent, carnivorous father-hunger—and isn't hunger emptiness?—which she thinks can be satisfied, or filled up, by pearls.

Whenever we ate with my father, we ate better. We had whole meals of fancy food and dessert. We ate it all and never worried about our weight because we knew this would just be once and not always. It wouldn't last, it would go away and remind us that chances are only once, taste ephemeral, and life in this world, all its sweetness and rain, is nothing to count on continuing because

it will, but only without us. Time is short, attachment expensive, but it was worth it for us to eat every time. It never tasted enough. We had such appetite. The thing I still love best about us, my mother and me, is that we wanted so.

Unlike Telemachus, Mayan is not given the pleasure of delivering the lost father to the mother and of righteously disposing of those who doubted his return. Like him, though, she succeeds in claiming herself in the quest. *The Lost Father* is a beautiful, original chronicle of a woman-odyssey rare in literature. In mapping the fanatic's route to the Ultimate Transcendent Mystery, Simpson uncloaks a myth that many readers will recognize—as Dad. □

But one difficulty in legislating on the behavior of carnival organizations is that they blend many activities—social, political and civic—upon which such legislation depends. Public expense for Mardi Gras last year was \$3.4 million, but the party generated public and private revenues of \$487 million. The two-week party that culminates the pre-Lenten festival is now the city's primary fundraiser. Krewe members therefore feel they are laying out money and effort for the benefit of the city and should be allowed to do so in whatever manner they choose.

This year Momus and Comus, two all-white krewes dating from the nineteenth century, canceled their parades. Momus's melodramatic announcement read: "Momus, Son of Night, God of Mockery and Ridicule, regretfully and respectfully informs his friends, supporters and his public that he will not parade the streets of New Orleans on the Thursday evening before Shrove Tuesday, 1992, as he has customarily since 1872."

In an appropriately mocking response, Zulu paraded with self-congratulatory banners such as: "Momus Quit, Comus Quit, Zulu's Too Legit To Quit." But Zulu excludes female members; City Councilman Jim Singleton, who is black, voted for the ordinance but said, "I'm in Zulu and I'm still undecided on my feelings about having women in the group." Blaine Kern, floatmaker and founder of Bacchus, said, "The big factor here is gender. And one reason is, when you're riding down the street on a float and there's a pretty young thing riding next to you, your wife doesn't particularly like that idea. And going to meetings with all those girls . . ."

A majority of black and white New Orleanians disapproved of the ordinance, and a steady parade of satire placed it in a dour light. In leaflets distributed throughout the French Quarter, Ye Mystik Korpse of Comatose declared they were "preserving the most important and venerable traditions of Carnival: Segregation, Prejudice, Racism, Feudalism." Their gibe continued, "How could anyone enjoy catching a Carnival favor which might have been thrown by the descendant of a Jew or an African!?" Momus's unused floats struck a topical political theme with larger-than-life papier-mâché caricatures of Councilwoman Taylor as Devil and Governor Edwin Edwards as a rat. And krewes in the French Quarter, the home of most of the city's gay population, ignored the Council's October ban on throwing condoms. As Carnival ad-

Carnival of Errors

CAROLINE SENTER

When Zulu's parade floats rolled onto St. Charles Avenue in New Orleans on Mardi Gras morning, March 3, their riders were indistinguishable under black greasepaint and white minstrel-eyes, black Afro wigs and white gloves. But as the winter sun beat down on that first parade of the day, greasepaint smeared and gloves came off to expose the differences that affected where the riders lived, what schools they attended and perhaps in what other parades they participated.

This year, krewes (carnival organizations) paraded under the shadow of an ordinance passed by the City Council last December, which would initially have denied parade permits and fined and jailed the members of krewes that discriminated on the basis of race, sex, age, national origin or sexual orientation. Before the parade rolled, however, the idea of jailing a carnival king drew such a response that Mayor Sidney Barthelemy formed a committee to consider the ordinance, as well as counterproposals by two white councilwomen (the majority of the Council and the city is black).

The ordinance attempts to crack the code of the old boys' clubs, the private groups controlling much of the decision making. "This is just the end of a long line of cases," said civil rights attorney

Bill Quigley, who helped draft the ordinance. While the yearly Mardi Gras parades are the most visible of the clubs' activities, the groups' members meet year-round at club headquarters for lunches, benefits and to plan the debutante balls that begin on Twelfth Night. Critics say that these private, often familial, activities are the places where the real power in the city is preserved and bestowed. Marc Morial, a civil rights lawyer and son of the city's first black mayor, sees the ordinance as an extension of the public integration laws of the 1960s. "Thirty years ago, people made arguments that it didn't matter that black people couldn't sit at the same lunch counter as whites," he said. "When people join country clubs, they don't just play golf or go swimming. They discuss business, they discuss politics. They build relationships."

The idea of desegregating the krewes has been discussed for at least a decade, but it gained momentum only recently in the wake of a few Supreme Court rulings regarding the exclusionary practices of private clubs. Krewes are private clubs, but they parade on city streets and thus require public expenditure during the Mardi Gras season. Councilwoman Dorothy Mae Taylor, the bill's author and a black civil rights veteran, said, "We close off streets. We deny the taxpayer the right to drive down that street to give a segregated club the opportunity to parade. Now that's unbelievable in 1991." (Not unbelievable in New York City in 1992, apparently, when local courts upheld the right of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to exclude a gay Irish contingent from the Saint Patrick's Day parade.)

Caroline Senter is associate editor of Red Bass, a literary quarterly. She is a graduate student at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

vanced, mockery seemed to have won and Taylor seemed a bitter loser. Responding to a float rider who wore a button with a line drawn through Taylor's picture, Taylor wrote the Mayor's Mardi Gras Coordinating Committee that the button may have violated another regulation on political statements at Carnival. And when asked about public disapproval of her bill, she made a statement she will probably forever regret: "If you would have polled the slaves during slavery, they would have [said they] liked it the way it was."

The public's desire to leave the old-timers alone may point to the current irrelevance of nineteenth-century caste rituals. Today an increasingly important issue is class. Participating in a krewe is expensive, as is belonging to any private business club in any city. If elite white krewes integrate, they will likely admit people from the black elite of New Orleans. As a member of Rex told me anonymously, "Hell, the [black] guys they'd admit would be better than the whites." Social problems rooted in the city's economic crisis have been increasing since it lost its industrial base in the 1970s. Like the politics of David Duke, another famous product of Louisiana, the Mardi Gras controversy evokes many submerged conflicts in its focus on race. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Chasin' the Trane

Divisions in the tiny jazz world are always with us. They're classic tempests in a teapot, these recurrent theological disputes about who is betraying the music's fundamental nature: 1940s moldy figs versus beboppers, 1960s beboppers versus free jazzers, 1980s neoboppers versus almost anybody else.

Looming over those last two arguments is the titanic figure of John Coltrane. On the one hand, he probably didn't think jazz *has* a fundamental nature, aside from improvisation. Certainly his post-1960 plunge from bebop's cycle of chords and Tin Pan Alley tunes into open-ended improvisations on modal, Indian and African material points that way—and incidentally guaranteed that his influence on all types of music became immeasurable. He put his money where his ideas were, too. No comparable jazz "star" today would, at the height

of his popularity, largely abandon the styles that brought him fame and wealth to embark on a long and uncertain journey into the vanguard. Only death at age 40 put an end to Trane's futuristic forays.

On the other hand, for all his lunging and sprinting, Trane never really left bebop behind. Legendary as one of the most dogged students and prodigious technicians jazz has produced—the insistent hours a day of practicing scales from theory books, for example—he brought that perceptual grid with him wherever he went musically. The frantically lengthy, anguished solos he squalled through pieces with names like *Om* may seem contradictory, but they're frustration raised to an exquisite, excruciating musical level: the splintered sounds of a traditional formalist colliding head-on with jazz's variant of the indeterminacy principle. Like Einstein facing Heisenberg, Trane understood how his own past had helped create the possible futures that younger men, like Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, were envisioning. Unlike Einstein, who spent the last years of his life trying to undo his past's implications, Trane struggled heroically to adapt to what he saw coming. In the end, he had to remain himself. But his recurrent odyssey into his own contradictions—one mark of a truly great artist—has left us an energizing, terrifying, uneven, invaluable musical legacy.

Trane's dilemma was more than a personal problem. He embodied the tensions between bebop and free jazz that still dog jazz today. The basic question—what *is* jazz, anyway?—is unresolved, and may be unresolvable. Theologians don't like to compromise, and various factions within jazz have their own catechisms. Neoboppers like Wynton Marsalis, for instance, insist that jazz has certain irreducible attributes. It must be grounded in the blues (a somewhat abstract idea). It must swing (an elusive ideal to define). It must not be too "European" (meaning, I think, that it shouldn't annex musical dialects like Viennese serialism). And it must include improvisation. *Ex cathedra non salvati sunt*.

Historically, defenders of jazz's status quo usually accuse vanguardists of being unable to play. That really means they can't or don't play the mainstream idiom of the day—swing for boppers, bop for free jazzers, and so on. The underlying faith assumes that the past evolves steadily into the present, that a Hegelian chain of cause and effect explains that evolution—One Great Tradition. But what about the power of discontinuity? What

about the dizzying conceptual gaps we can't really explain between, say, swing and bebop or bebop and free jazz? I suspect this is what avant-gardists mean when they counterattack by claiming that what they play reflects their time, and that their sectarian opponents are whistling into the past.

But what if jazz has become an umbrella term for a collection of idioms that have developed, been annexed and have diverged over the past century? What if the only attribute these idioms still share is improvisation? Then there's no right or wrong way to play what we call jazz any more than there's a right or wrong way to paint. There's just what works and what doesn't. Each idiom can be judged successful or not only within its own parameters. And they may, in the end, prove to be fundamentally hostile in aesthetic terms.

So take it further. What if, after a century, jazz's idioms have reached a point of mutual incomprehension? What if being able to play some well means not being able to play others well or at all because the mindsets and skills needed are less and less compatible? The jazz musician's primary goal is to create a personal improvisational voice from a selective past. Thus the all-around jazz musician who can play everything from Louis Armstrong to the AACM is, like Castiglione's perfect Renaissance courtier, an ideal that's rarely attainable in an age oversaturated with data, where the center not only cannot hold but doesn't even exist.

Trane's own struggles incarnate these conundrums. His inability to jettison his bop baggage while becoming the *de facto* leader of jazz's vanguard opened a fault line in his music that extended until the end of his life. That's what makes *The Avant-Garde* (Atlantic) one of his most interesting recordings. Cut not long after he met Ornette Coleman in 1960, the disc joins him with the altoist's then-band for one tune by Don Cherry, three by Ornette and one by his onetime boss Thelonious Monk. Aside from its historical value, the album has always fascinated me. It works and it doesn't.

In his insightful essay on Trane in *The Jazz Tradition*, Martin Williams shrewdly suggests that he owed a lot to Coleman Hawkins and Don Byas. Separated by a generation, that pair shared two concerns that shaped Trane: They favored vertical arpeggios over linear melodies and they depended on heavy, regularly accented beats. The first led Trane

to what Ira Gitler dubbed "sheets of sound," where he raced faster and faster and faster, pile-driving notes into each other to suggest stacked harmonies. The second meant his sense of rhythm was almost as close to rock as to bop.

Following Ornette's music is like riding unpredictable ocean tides: You have to be loose and easy, willing to float when you can't fight the current, but quick to seize on imperceptible shifts that will carry you closer to where you want to go. Already-ambiguous key centers dissolve in the elastic rhythms. In that context, Trane is like a gold-medal Olympic swimmer whose pool walls suddenly disappear, leaving him literally at sea. He limns some otherwise nonexistent harmonies in "Focus on Sanity." He starts to follow the lead of Cherry's lilting, key-shifting solo with double-time break-outs on "The Blessing," but winds up thrashing his soprano sax into scalar curl-icues. Only on "Bemsha Swing," one of Monk's idiosyncratically modified blues, does he sound confident of where he is.

He sounds impatient on a lot of the earlier work compiled on *John Coltrane: The Prestige Recordings* (Prestige). Once he joined Miles Davis's group in 1955, Trane began recording for the same label as his boss, with and without him. This mammoth sixteen-CD boxed set collects all the sessions without. Those with are gathered on the previously issued eight-CD *Miles Davis: Chronicle* (Prestige). Taken together, the two sets capture the bulk of the great saxophonist's work between 1955, when he left Johnny Hodges's band, and 1959, when he be-

gan recording as a leader, first for Atlantic, then for Impulse!

Compared with the solid Miles set, the Trane box is more scattershot. The material doesn't help—too many blues and rhythm changes on leaderless sessions. Not surprisingly, much of Trane's best playing is found on dates led by Mal Waldron and Tadd Dameron. Dameron's late-bop ideas provide a sturdy framework for the young tenor to push against; he sounds more relaxed when he wrestles with them. On the jams he tends to double-time routinely—a virtuoso achievement but not necessarily a musical one. Take the set's leadoff cut, a basic blues called "Tenor Madness," the only track he ever recorded with Sonny Rollins. Trane sputters and revs through implied harmonies stacked as high as the World Trade Center, the unflappable Rollins unlooses his broad, easy-rolling lyricism. (For mere mortals who can't drop megabucks for a set this size, most of the original LPs compiled here are available as separate CDs.)

Two key discs from the late 1950s illustrate both Trane's development and his reaction to his settings. The suggestive *Thelonious Monk With John Coltrane* (Riverside) hems him in reassuringly with Monk's tight-knit tunes. But then on Miles Davis's forever fabulous *Kind of Blue* (Columbia), Trane finds himself outside bop. He faces the modal structure with characteristic surging. His fierce, lengthy solos build largely around repeated motifs, which he uses almost as African-style touchstones—an organizing principle unlike Ornette's, which would have modulated or altered the phrases.

The sly Carl Woideck points out in his notes for the Prestige set that once Trane began to record as a leader elsewhere he also began to use his own compositions. (Only eight tunes on those sixteen CDs are his.) *Giant Steps* (Atlantic), his debut, was recorded two weeks after he cut *Kind of Blue* with Miles, and in many ways sounds like it. As John Litweiler puts it in *The Freedom Principle: Jazz After 1958* (Da Capo),

Coltrane's achievement overshadows his quest for a change. Now that he is not obsessed, melody flows in a stream, his phrases are rhythmically dispersed, and his music acquires new power. . . . The sound sheets, downbeat accents, repetitions, great speed, and the other features of his most single-minded works are part of his *Giant Steps* solos; but now they are distributed throughout his solos, and the variety of his phrase shapes is unique in all Coltrane's career.

My Favorite Things (Atlantic) is another kind of watershed. It features him on soprano sax, an instrument that had long before fallen out of jazz favor. A bit after Steve Lacy, Trane discovered the soprano when a musician left one in his car. The results were astounding. Musically, as Litweiler notes, "with the soprano's piping sound, the ideas that sounded so dark and brooding . . . now acquire a feeling of giddy fantasy." Commercially, it made Trane a star. And it cemented yet another aspect of his enormous influence. In her passionate *As Serious as Your Life: The Story of the New Jazz* (Pluto), Valerie Wilmer explains how multi-instrumentalists were prevalent in jazz's early days, but later were looked down on. Many jazzers felt session players, who usually had to double on a couple of instruments, weren't serious musicians. They didn't want to be tarred with that brush. But, as Wilmer points out, "After the example set by Coltrane it became a matter of pride for a musician to add to his or her armoury."

When he moved to Impulse!, Trane gave his more adventurous side even freer rein. What emerged was some of the most turbulent, controversial, influential music of an already turbulent and controversial period. This was the Trane rockers turned on to. His sax lines had a congenially predictable rhythmic bounce; his music was fervent, raucous, physical, in your face. His influence on rockers was enormous. He introduced them to the extended solo, complete with chromatic tinges and modal feel. The Byrds' "Eight Miles High" had Roger McGuinn mimicking him on twelve-string guitar. The Grateful Dead's "Dark Star" (on *Live/*

EMPTY HOUSE SINGING TO ITSELF

The homeowners, gone to the cape,
Have instructed their house to exude
Ninety minutes of Mozart on tape—
But what magic flute can delude

The dimmest-brained housebreaker? Light,
Precisely as ordered to, glows
From dusk till eleven at night,
At which digital clockstroke those

Who neither consume nor cast shade,
Behind the drawn blinds of their cell,
Into beds that stay creaselessly made,
Have to slide, impalpable,

In a mansion computer-programmed
To make threatening noise, a machine
For containing the souls of those damned
To a haven of perfect routine.

X.J. Kennedy

Dead, Warner Bros.) echoes themes from "Your Lady" on *Live at Birdland* and "India" on *Impressions* (both MCA/Impulse!). And Trane's brooding Eastern modalities—he'd met Ravi Shankar in the 1950s—and multiphonics filtered into the Yardbirds, whose guitarist Jeff Beck used effects boxes and feedback to similar ends.

But the rocker most influenced by Trane, and with a comparable influence of his own, was Jimi Hendrix. Following Trane, Hendrix raised the long solo built around repeated motifs to a kind of rock art form. He spent most of his career playing with Mitch Mitchell, whose circular drumming buttressed Hendrix's soaring guitar the way Elvin Jones's did Trane's sax. And like Trane's, Hendrix's example spawned wannabes who farted their way through long, pointless solos. (In a poignant historical irony, before Hendrix died Trane's old boss Miles Davis was planning to work with him.)

By the Impulse! years, Trane was furiously chasing his own influences: Ornette, Ayler, Eric Dolphy, John Gilmore. Dolphy's rediscovery of the bass clarinet paralleled Trane's of the soprano sax, and the younger man pushed himself and his mentor/follower on spectacular classics like *Impressions* (MCA/Impulse!). Sun Ra's longtime tenor mainstay Gilmore impressed Trane in the 1950s with his scalar facility, unyielding tone and manipulation of harmonics. Ayler's ecstatic, blues-laced screaming and spiritual abandon led Trane to delve deeper into multiphonics and his own growing spirituality. And group improvisation—the chromatic Dixieland update with impossibly flexible rhythms that Ornette and Ayler placed at the core of their own musics—found its Coltranesque statement on albums like *Ascension* and *Meditations* (both Impulse!). Both takes of *Ascension*—the first hasn't been available for twenty-five years—are collected with *Om*, "Kulu Se Mama" and "Selflessness" on a pummeling two-CD set with a silly title, *The Major Works of John Coltrane* (MCA/Impulse!).

Characteristically, the groups Trane put together for those extended experiments were often larger and denser than those of his compatriots. Critical mass, after all, was essential to his method as a soloist or a leader. Litweiler, for instance, says of *Ascension*, "The modal substructure and theme material are hardly important in the face of the masses of players gathering in simultaneous lines, parting for brief solos, and rejoining in heavy wailing."

With these records, Coltrane moved

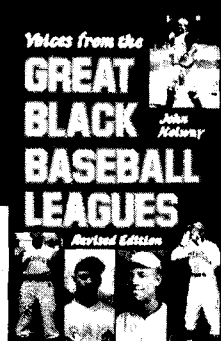
toward the incantatory, the shamanistic. He made that clearer when his wife, Alice, Rashied Ali and saxophonist Pharoah Sanders began working with him. Sanders's preoccupation with split tones, overtones, bent tones, microtones and chanting, vocalic sax, coupled with Alice's and Ali's shimmering drones, framed Trane differently. It's as if the magical powers of repetition opened a door that let him peek out of his bebop-derived maze. Maybe chant proved a key for him because its method is mesmerism, so it's at once rigidly structured and open-ended. That allowed him to satisfy

both his urges while channeling his epic "sheets of sound" soloing into a different form of duration that redirected its emotional value. At least, that's how a lot of the four-CD reissue of two 1966 concerts, *Live in Japan* (MCA/Impulse!), sounds to me: He's still searching furiously but willing to acknowledge catharsis.

A year later—twenty-five years ago this July—John Coltrane was dead of liver cancer. At his request, Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman played at his funeral. The worlds that had trapped him in their retrograde motion sped further and irrevocably apart. □

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EXCHANGE.

(Continued From Page 470)

hundred groups seeking to redirect defense expenditures to civilian investment. Agran spoke to the start-up meeting of the coalition last year, but he apparently made no attempt to begin a political relationship that might be a springboard for his bellyflopping campaign. Jerry Brown, on the other hand, learned the hard way that he couldn't run a Zen campaign as a single reed wafting through the universe and he began concentrating on environmentalists and anti-nukers in their locales and on the white industrial working class *in situ* in Michigan. If he had found a way to talk to African-Americans with the same spirit, to include their issues in his campaign and to link up with black leaders at all levels from the grass roots to the top, he might have cut into Clinton's overwhelming black vote from Atlanta to Detroit.

Before 1984 and through 1988, Jesse Jackson and his circle did the painstaking work of finding "common ground" with organizations representing Latinos, Asian-Americans, family farmers, peace activists, environmentalists, women, lesbians and gays, the elderly, people with disabilities, P.W.A.s: It's a long and unwieldy list and campaigners sometimes are embarrassed to go through the litany, but there you are. Nor is it enough simply to chant the names. The constituents give their support (hard work, fundraising and enthusiasm are as important as votes) in exchange for a measure of power within the coalition, and for advancement and protection of their agendas during the campaign.

It is truly bizarre to believe that a maverick ex-Mayor (actually, only a jumped-up City Council member in those days) of a town deep in reactionary Orange County, California, hawking one or two issues noble enough but differing only in degree from those that others propose, with no base in national movements and no strong local organizations, without access to the political media or a clear plan to get it, with only an 800 number, for chrissake—can present himself as a candidate for President and expect to be taken seriously.

I know it's frustrating to look at the bleak political field, believe you've got some good ideas and want to influence the course of history. Fantasies are important, if only to give you the impetus to get out of bed in the morning. But why waste others' time, money and hope on your own daydreams? If Agran had looked around last August, called his friends, picked out the most promising progressive possibility, offered his help, begun organizing around his issue of defense cuts and motivated others to organize constituencies around their issues—and if more right-thinking progs had chosen similar paths—we might have an authentic candidate with a powerful coalition now in place.

Where was Larry Agran then?

Andrew Kopkind

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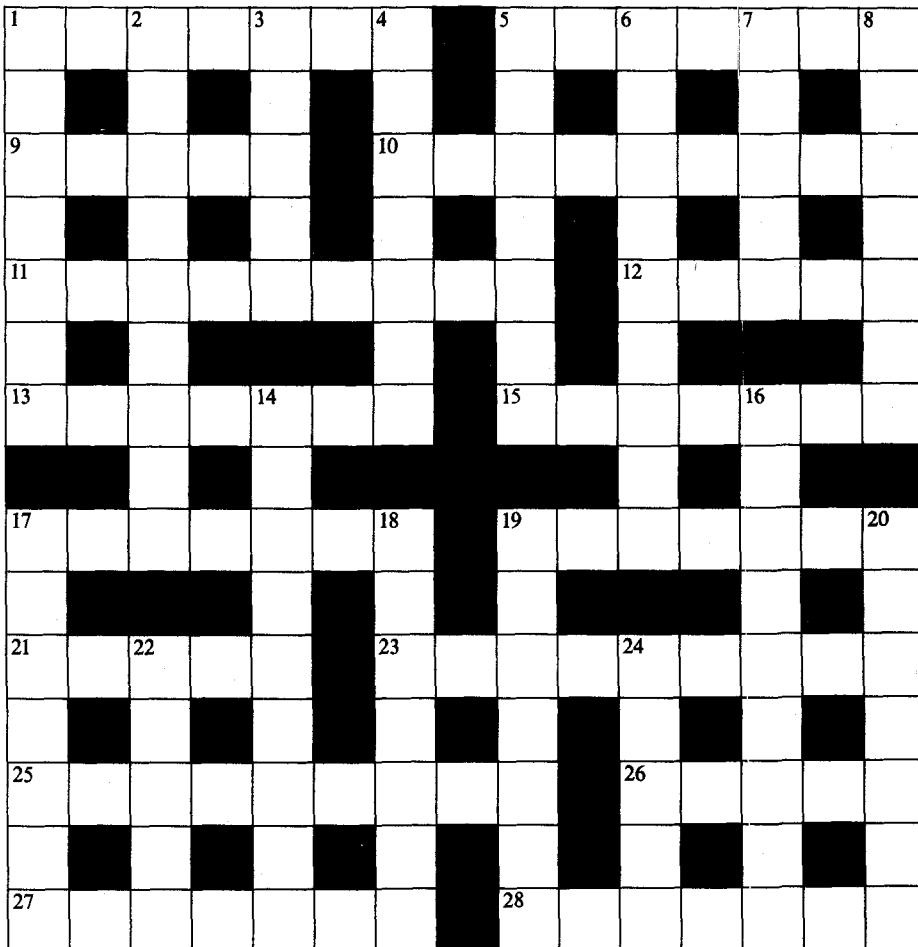
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2377



ACROSS

- 1 The Samurai code of the president, with what most married folk have said. (7)
- 5 They are most likely to get a response. (7)
- 9 Where lack of understanding reached new heights. (5)
- 10 Traditionally worn by maids seen riding the waves. (9)
- 11 The girl sort of let the color be protected. (9)
- 12 Having a minute to see someone left running about the streets? (5)
- 13 The fine points of a bad case of acne when the sun comes around in the wrong direction. (7)
- 15 Though some say they can hold their drinks, might they make what some call spectacles? (7)
- 17 This went down in history in a big way. (7)
- 19 Where to find Conan Doyle's scandal suggests where hippies seemingly came from. (7)
- 21 What follows might do it with a couple of points, to make a charge at the bar. (5)
- 23 Of French cheese nourished, those leaving a sensitive office might be. (9)
- 25 You might find having your coat along is a bit unusual, but the solution has many sides. (9)
- 26 A slow bend in the ballet might also be quite the dish, liking what should be proper. (5)
- 27 and 28 No longer quick to take to the water, shows one line after another, possibly revealing the old laws. (4,3,7)

DOWN

- 1 and 17 Young foresters shouldn't be all that naive! (5,2,3,4)
- 2 Not the original letter, but sent an alternative version. (9)
- 3 Possibly gets rented as a small place, in the main. (5)
- 4 It might be so drawn as to be to the point, certainly. (7)
- 5 It might be called a ball, if between the knee and the ankle, as one commonly might understand. (7)
- 6 Possibly die, and go up where the harp gets unstrung, as a symbol of some idea. (9)
- 7 How we render harmless when we see Ma run wild? (5)
- 8 and 20 Possibly conditional obstacles—we'll have none of them, to be certain! (3,4,3,4)
- 14 Comes together to study the border situations. (9)
- 16 How 8 begins to be influential in future development around it which is not quite the last contest! (9)
- 17 See 1 down
- 18 A virtuoso flourish can daze in surprising fashion! (7)
- 19 They seem to be forever blown in the old old musical performance! (7)
- 20 See 8
- 22 Take a chair! The new designation of Kansas is in Alaska! (5)
- 24 No end to this? It would be pure Hell, as one might conclude! (5)

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